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"GRAND-DAD'S DELIGHT."—PICTURE BY CARL GEBHARDT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HANFSTAENGL, MUNICH.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is said that it is injudicious to employ a relation in any professional transaction. If you don't mean to pay him for it, by reason of the tie of blood, it is only too probable that he will not give himself too much pains in the matter; and if you do, he takes less trouble, because, after all, if anything should go wrong, it will not "signify." Still, if one calls in a doctor, I don't think, even if he is one's brother, he is justified in writing out a prescription with a pencil so hastily and so ill-written that the chemist reads "atropine" for "antipyrine," and kills you in half a minute. This catastrophe has just happened, and though "only in France," it would be well if not only our doctors, but their patients, would lay it to heart. There is nothing more common than for a medical man while writing out a prescription—in dog Latin and symbols, with, perhaps, half a dozen poisons in it—to be pestered with questions by the invalid, or, more generally, his friends; and it is a very dangerous practice. For my part, it seems a miracle how he does it at all, "all out of his own head," as the children say, and (unless, of course, the object of the interrupter is a legacy) he should surely be let alone during its performance.

A friendly correspondent, who presents the unusual combination of a teacher of youth and a commentator on "Pickwick," is so good as to send me some particulars about that admirable narrative. The writer in the *Cornhill* for January upon that subject is, he says, quite correct in his statement that the long-disputed passage "prophesying away like a red-faced Nixon," refers to "Nixon's Cheshire Prophecy," for he has himself beheld that mysterious volume. It seems to have had really some claim to vaticination, for among its predictions is the following—

When a hare shall run through the town  
The walls of Northwiche shall fall down.

And shortly before the subsidences a hare did run from end to end of the main street. This gentleman also informs me that the words "my Prooshian Blue," of the meaning of which Dickens himself is recorded to have been ignorant, was a friendly greeting used by "the masses" to one another after Waterloo, in connection with our blue-uniformed allies. To the "Rooshians," on the other hand, they never took so kindly, and that word was therefore applied in disapprobation, though not of a marked kind. The sort of boy which is now called "an owdacious pickle," was in those days "a young Rooshian."

Some good folk in America have started a "Handshaking Society," from which they hope for great improvements. Each member pledges himself to shake hands with at least one person every time he goes to chapel—a practice which, we are informed, "has often retained under religious influences many a one for whom Satan has spread his net." It is on this account, perhaps, that the members of our London clubs, who never shake hands with one another, but only nod when they meet, have not a more spiritual reputation. It is a great thing to know what lies at the root of failure in such matters, and what encourages them. But I hope, if handshaking is to become general, that the subject will have some attention given to it. I know people who limit their advances in this way to two fingers (as if they had been mutilated from religious motives, which, however, is far from being the case), and if you only give them two fingers (which I always take care to do in return), the result is like what by railway porters is called "coupling" rather than shaking hands. Others offend in the other direction, and give one such a squeeze (though they don't mean to be particularly friendly) that one doesn't forget it in a hurry. It is curious that shaking hands should have come into such high moral favour, when a generation or two ago "shaking one's elbow" (only a few inches higher) used to be a practice at which all right-thinking people shook their heads.

We have been lately favoured with a long list of dead men's wills—the millionaires (so called) who have left the world within the last twelve months, and all their wealth behind them. Almost all of it seems to have been amassed and not inherited—most of it by commerce, some of it by law. It is curious to note how little remarkable any of these persons were, except as the "masters of millions." As nothing becomes some people so much as their deaths, so nothing seems to give eminence to others save their last testaments. "Think of old Jones leaving three hundred and fifty [each of these figures is strongly accented] thousand pounds behind him! Shouldn't have thought him worth half as much." Jones, except for that "crowded hour of glorious" mention in the newspaper obituary, must be pronounced to have been a failure. He has never made the proper impression upon his fellow-creatures that the extent of his fortune justified. Still, who can say he didn't enjoy himself—perhaps in giving his money away, but much more likely in keeping it? It is the only mere pleasure that lasts: when love is dead, and friendship fled, and old age and disease have deprived us of the power of locomotion, we can still "roll in our money"—a charming exercise (I am told) accompanied with music. The actual amount is of no consequence, so long as everything has been given up to its acquisition; which makes it singular that the demise of a lady at Brighton, distinguished by this saving virtue of "saving," though recorded in the same newspaper, is not coupled with the rest of the brilliant company. From the age of eleven, when she entered Brighton Workhouse, exactly fifty years ago, she seems to have devoted herself to increasing her pecuniary store, which must have been at first inconsiderable. In the year of grace 1888, at the end of which she deceased, she had accumulated no less than £2, all in coppers. As, however, she died intestate, this goes to the parish.

A Scotch gentleman, who is a sugar-broker, uses a sweet name for his beloved object which strikes me as being entirely

original. He styles her "her Sandie's [that, too, perhaps, is born of association with the sugar trade] own dear Ruggie Duggie." Her name is Anne, so that he must have evolved the term of endearment solely from his own consciousness, as the German philosopher evolved the camel. With so much to the credit side of his account, it is sad to have to record that the revelation of this novelty in courtship is owing to his "Ruggie Duggie" having brought an action against him for breach of promise of marriage. One wonders whether he will call the next object of his passion by the same charming title: it seems a pity that such tender invention should be utterly thrown away! I know, indeed, more than one gentleman who, having re-entered the holy state of matrimony, applies the same touching terms of endearment he used to his first wife to his second; and in the present case, if ever, such economy of epithet seems excusable. "Her Sandie's own Ruggie Duggie"—Good Heavens!

"Do authors feel?" has again become the subject of journalistic inquiry. Well, of course they don't. They are pachydermatous animals. Nature has provided them with a gristle which, even though it be pierced like the mouth of a fish by the hook, is incapable of sensation. If it were otherwise, how, in a Christian country, could people be found so inhuman as to treat us as they do? So cowardly, too, for we are unprotected by the law. I should like to see a critic write of a barrister: "This person is dull, though very loquacious. He is ignorant of the subject he is talking about. At one time he may have had a certain amount of intelligence, but he has worked it away, and should no longer practise." In such a case what a row there would be! "This fellow," the learned gentleman would reply, "has endeavoured to injure me in my profession; and if there is a law against libel in England—and I rather flatter myself there is—he shall pay for it." Nor would even a clergyman stand it. "This man says I am 'long-winded in the pulpit,' does he? 'Pompous and verbose,' I think were his expressions. 'Avoid,' he observes to my congregation, 'the Rev. Robert Montflummery.' He wants to bring down my pew-rents, does he? This is a matter for my solicitor." But the poor author has no such redress. It may be said, indeed, that by the very publication of his book he solicits the flowers of rhetoric with which he is thus wreathed and garlanded. But this is not true. He certainly does not want to be abused, and from what I know of him—and I know him very well—he is far too well satisfied with his own merits to need the commendation of others. The only explanation of the exceptional rudeness and brutality with which they are treated by their fellow-creatures must be, in short, that "authors do not feel."

Mr. Brudenell Carter has of late endeavoured to open people's eyes to their own shortsightedness. He is amazed at the ignorance of parents with regard to the very existence of visual defects in their children, and gives them excellent advice, which they will not follow. Unfortunately, near-sighted children are often ignorant of their own calamity. They are thought "stupid" because they cannot read the clock the same—or, rather, at the same distance—as their brothers and sisters. They lose legacies because they are a few seconds behind in eagerly recognising some relative from whom they have expectations. They are supposed to be wanting in dutiful interest, whereas, until the visitor comes quite close, they don't know whether it is their uncle, their aunt, or the postman. It is not till some serious consequence follows from this want of observation that their malady is discovered. The public ignorance is no less about a matter one would think almost equally patent. "The popular notion that shortsighted eyes are strong eyes, and that they improve with age," says Mr. Carter, "is erroneous." That they do not so improve is a fact one would think obvious to, at least, all nearsighted persons, unless of a very sanguine disposition; but they are no wiser than the rest of the world. I was myself induced by some wiseacre's advice to change the spectacles I had worn for thirty years, to meet these supposed new conditions. The man brought out his specimens, and I tried about fifty glasses. "The only one the least better than mine, if it is better," I said, "is this one." The optician was an honest fellow, and replied, with a smile, "Well, that's the same number as your own, and so you had better stick to it;" which I have accordingly done.

George Eliot tells us, with that common-sense apart from cynicism which is one of her characteristics, that there is a point—notwithstanding the general opinion to the contrary—where even a mother ceases to dote upon her boy. She may forgive him seventy-and-seven times, but at the seventy-eighth proof of undutifulness she draws the line. An example of this has just occurred in the case of an elderly widow, who seeks the advice of a Magistrate upon her domestic affairs. Her son has written to say he has sent his boxes to her house by rail, and intends to follow them with his third wife and five of the children of his second. The poor lady would not object even to this, though she can ill afford such an influx of guests; but his first wife is living in the neighbourhood, and she fears that the consequence of their arrival—especially as his second wife, who is also alive, might possibly join the family party—may be "a collision." The Magistrate advises her not to take in the boxes, but then he has not the advantage of being acquainted with her son and his peculiar temper. At last she inquires, with a sigh, "Whether she can give him into custody?" "Only if he misbehaves himself," says his Worship, which he apparently considers that he has not done yet. Poor mamma!

Considering how large a number of the human race, and those the wealthy ones, pass their lives in endeavouring to be amused, it is strange how seldom is any new pleasure invented for their benefit; and when it is so, what a feeble thing it is! In games, for example, how little of novelty there has been for the last fifty years! How the world of idlers seized on

croquet as if it had been a gift from the gods, and then dropped it for lawn-tennis! To say anything against lawn-tennis just now would be to run the risk of being lynched; but in a year or two one's thoughts will be allowed as free expression about it as about knur-and-spell, when that entertaining pastime vanished away. Cricket and football there have always been, and hockey for our winter wear. Golf is making a little way with us; but what else is there? In indoor games there is the same lack of variety. Whist and chess are still our standing dishes; and there is b  zique, the very popularity of which evidences the dearth of invention. There are, it is true, new games advertised every Christmas, from a shilling upwards, done up in packets and registered, which is a fatal sign; we are not even so moderately sanguine on opening them as to "hope for the best, and expect the worst" (like the old lady who bought the pound of tea), but only the latter, and our expectations are always realised. A benefactor of the species has, however, arisen in this line of business. He has a notion that shorthand can be made diverting. His scheme is to cut out shorthand characters in wood and cardboard, and stimulate the jaded lovers of pleasure "by the misplacing of words and peculiar joining of consonants." Not content with this whirl of enjoyment he suggests that "considerable amusement can be derived from taking down home conversations, when the operator is supposed to be seriously engaged, and at a future time reading them to the family." Comment is here superfluous; and I would only remark that if many people are going to take up this idea and put it into practice, the rest of us will feel that it will not be the right time for discussing the doing away with the punishment of death. That a devotee of shorthand should feel called upon to be a missionary of amusement for the million would be rather surprising, if we were not familiar with such social inconsistencies; for is it not always the gentleman who has never smoked who inveighs against the temptations of tobacco, and the gentleman who has taken his whack of liquor and something more, before he took the pledge, who describes the moderate drinker as a monster?

## THE COURT.

The Queen drove out on Jan 10 accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia. Viscount Cross arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Empress Frederick and the Royal family. The Empress Frederick and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, attended by Mademoiselle Faber Du Faur and Count Seckendorff, left Osborne on the 11th for Buckingham Palace. Prince Henry of Battenberg accompanied her Majesty to Portsmouth on board her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*, Captain Fullerton, A.D.C.; and General Gardiner was in attendance as Equerry-in-Waiting. The Queen, with Princess Beatrice, drove out in the afternoon, attended by the Dowager Lady Waterpark; and her Majesty went out on the 12th with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Princess Christian left Osborne for Cumberland Lodge. Lord Burghley attended the Princess to Portsmouth on board her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*, Captain Fullerton. On Sunday morning, the 13th, the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg attended Divine service at Osborne. The members of the Royal household were present. The Hon. and Rev. F. Byng, M.A., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, officiated. The Hon. and Rev. F. Byng had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Monday morning, the 14th, her Majesty went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out in the afternoon. Lieutenant-Colonel Vesey, commanding the Oxfordshire Light Infantry at Parkhurst, had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family.

The Empress Frederick, who had been staying with the Queen at Osborne since the removal of the Court from Windsor, came to London on Jan. 11 on her way to Sandringham. The Empress, accompanied by her three daughters, Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, and attended by Count Seckendorff, Fr  ulein Faber Du Faur, and General Du Plat, on the 12th, paid a visit to the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery. Accompanied by the Princesses, the Empress left Buckingham Palace later in the day, and travelled from St. Pancras Station to Sandringham. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, drove to Wolferton and met the Empress and the Princesses at the station, and accompanied them to Sandringham House.

The Queen has sent £50 to the Children's Aid and Refuge Fund, 32, Charing-cross, for the rescue of destitute and neglected children.

There is no foundation whatever for the report of the betrothal of Princess Alix of Hesse to the Czarévitch.

Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador, who had been on leave of absence in Berlin for the past three weeks, has arrived at the German Embassy to resume his diplomatic duties, which have been discharged during his absence by Count Leyden, Charg   d'Affaires.

The Peers of Scotland met recently in the Picture Gallery, Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, having been summoned by Royal proclamation to elect a representative Peer for Scotland to the present Parliament, in succession to the late Earl of Mar and Kellie. The Earl of Lauderdale was unanimously elected.

Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, gave his first ball this year on Jan. 16, in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle.

On Jan. 10 the Marchioness of Salisbury gave a ball at Hatfield House, to which the leading inhabitants of Hertfordshire were invited. There were about 900 guests present.

It is understood that, according to present arrangements, Parliament will be summoned to meet on Thursday, Feb. 21.

The 300th representation of "Sweet Lavender" at Terry's Theatre was celebrated on Friday evening, Jan. 11, by a magnificent illumination of the exterior of the house.

The production of Mrs. Oscar Beringer's play, "Tares," announced for Jan. 19 at the Opera Comique, has been transferred to Monday, Jan. 21.

There was a partial eclipse of the moon on Thursday morning, Jan. 17, visible in this country. At Greenwich the shadow came into contact at 3:59 a.m., 134 deg. from the moon's northern point towards the east. The middle of the eclipse was reached at 5:29 a.m., but less than three-quarters of the lunar surface was hidden. The shadow finally passed off at 7 a.m., 123 deg. from the northern point of the limb, towards the west.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

In the French Senate, on Jan. 10, M. Leroyer was re-elected President by 182 votes, and MM. Humbert, Magnin, and Challemlacour were elected Vice-Presidents.—After much voting, M. Méline was re-elected President of the Lower House, defeating M. Clémenceau and M. Andrieux by many voices. In his opening address he expressed anxiety to further the policy of pacification and union, which was imperatively dictated by the paramount interests of the country.—M. Rochefort, being annoyed at an article in the *Bataille* by M. Lissagaray, fought a duel with him with swords on Jan. 14, when both parties received some scratches. M. Floquet, replying in very strong language in the Chamber to M. Laur, editor of the *Presse*, who had in that paper accused the Government of misapplication of the secret service funds, the seconds of M. Laur waited on the Premier, but he refused to name seconds. The Government Income-Tax Bill has been rejected by the Committee by twelve votes to five, there being seven absentees, all unfavourable to it.—It is announced in Paris that an agreement has been signed on behalf of the Panama Canal Company with the Banque Parisienne for the issue of fresh shares to the amount of 60,000,000f.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin have been received by the Queen of Italy.

The German Emperor drove at noon on Jan. 11 to the Opera-House to hear a rehearsal of Wagner's "Rheingold." A Court concert was given in the palace in the evening, at which their Majesties entertained some seventy distinguished guests. The Emperor on the 14th opened the Prussian Landtag with the customary ceremonial. He confidently expressed his hope of the maintenance of peace.—In the German Reichstag, on the 15th, there was an animated discussion on the special Estimates of the Foreign Office. The Chancellor supported the Estimates briefly, but refused to discuss the East African Question until the Bill on the subject should be before the Reichstag, in a day or two. Eventually the votes were passed.—As is well known, the Empress Augusta has for many years past bestowed a diploma with her own signature and a gold cross on all female servants who have remained continuously in one family for forty years. During the eleven years from January, 1877, to the close of last year, 1535 servants received the cross and diploma.—The betrothal of Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia to Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein is officially announced in the *Berlin Official Gazette*. The Emperor and Empress entertained all the members of the Royal family now in Berlin at dinner in honour of the event.—Dr. Stanford, Professor of Music at Cambridge, gave a concert at Berlin on the 14th, in the large hall of the Philharmonic, the programme consisting entirely of his own compositions. The Berlin Philharmonic performed the works, and Herr Joachim the solos.

William III. of Orange-Nassau, King of the Netherlands and Grand Duke of Luxemburg, is lying grievously ill at Het Loo. His Majesty has sustained a shock of paralysis. The First Chamber of the Netherlands States-General has adopted the Budget of the Dutch Indies.

The Czar and Czarina take up their residence at the Anitchkoff Palace on Saturday, Jan. 19, for the customary Christmas festivities. Their Majesties will reside in St. Petersburg for seven weeks.

The eastern portion of the United States was visited on Jan. 9 with a series of storms of almost unexampled violence. The storm was preceded by a sudden change of temperature. Mild weather had prevailed since Christmas over the eastern States, but on the morning of the 9th this was replaced by a "cold wave" advancing from the west. The conflict of temperatures thus established was followed by violent atmospheric disturbances. There were heavy snowstorms, preceded by destructive gales in Wisconsin and Michigan. In the neighbourhood of New York a thunderstorm caused the explosion of the gas-tanks at Brooklyn, and this resulted in a destructive conflagration, while the force of the gale demolished the barracks in the Navy Yard. At Niagara, far away to the north, the suspension-bridge which crosses the river below the Falls was utterly wrecked. The towers, it is reported, remain standing, and the main chains are intact; but the bridge itself lies in the river. In all parts of the country the railways are blocked and the telegraphs destroyed. But the greatest havoc of all was wrought in Pennsylvania. A tornado swept across the State from west to east, striking Pittsburg about noon, and Reading, some 200 miles to the eastward, in approximately the same latitude, at six in the evening. The central path of the storm was about 200 ft. wide. Within this area, wherever the storm passed, nothing seems to have been able to withstand it. At Pittsburg, an unfinished building was thrown down, killing in its fall some fifteen persons and injuring some forty others. As the storm advanced, churches, buildings, trees, and even small hamlets went down before it; and at Reading a mill containing some two hundred operatives was destroyed in an instant, few of its inmates escaping unhurt. The railway shops at Reading were overturned, a fire broke out in the ruins, and four workmen perished in the flames. At Sunbury, Harrisburg, Williamsport, and Wheeling, and many other towns in the district, similar disasters occurred.—The United States Senate have discussed the Panama Canal question in secret session, and by 49 votes to 3 adopted a joint resolution declaring that the Government of the United States would look with serious concern and disapproval upon any connection of any European Government with the construction or control of any ship-canal across the isthmus of Darien or Central America.—A sharp earthquake shock was experienced in the northern portion of New York State on Jan. 11. Happily, however, there were no casualties, and very little damage resulted.

In Manitoba last year 600,000 acres of land were conveyed to 4000 actual settlers, the population being thus increased by 17,000 souls.

A Reuter's telegram from Bloemfontein states that Judge Reitz has been formally installed as President of the Orange Free State, in succession to the late Sir John Brand.

The Press Association supplies some information on the subject of the revolution at Uganda, which has resulted in the overthrow and expulsion of Mwanga, the destruction of the English and French Missions, and the establishment of the temporary supremacy of Mohammedan influence. Mwanga, the unpopular ruler, who has just been deposed, is the son of M'tesa, who, as an African King, was remarkable for his wisdom and ability, and who in the year 1875, through the medium of Mr. H. M. Stanley, then at Uganda, invited missionaries to visit Central Africa.

In New South Wales, the Hon. J. H. Want having declined to undertake the formation of a new Cabinet, the Governor summoned the Hon. G. R. Dibbs, who has succeeded in forming a new Ministry, although some offices are still unfilled. The following are the members of the new Ministry as at present constituted:—Mr. G. R. Dibbs, Colonial Secretary; Mr. J. P. Garvan, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. T. M. Slattery, Minister of Justice; Mr. Chanter, Secretary of Mines; Mr. Clarke, Postmaster-General; Mr. Barton, Attorney-General.

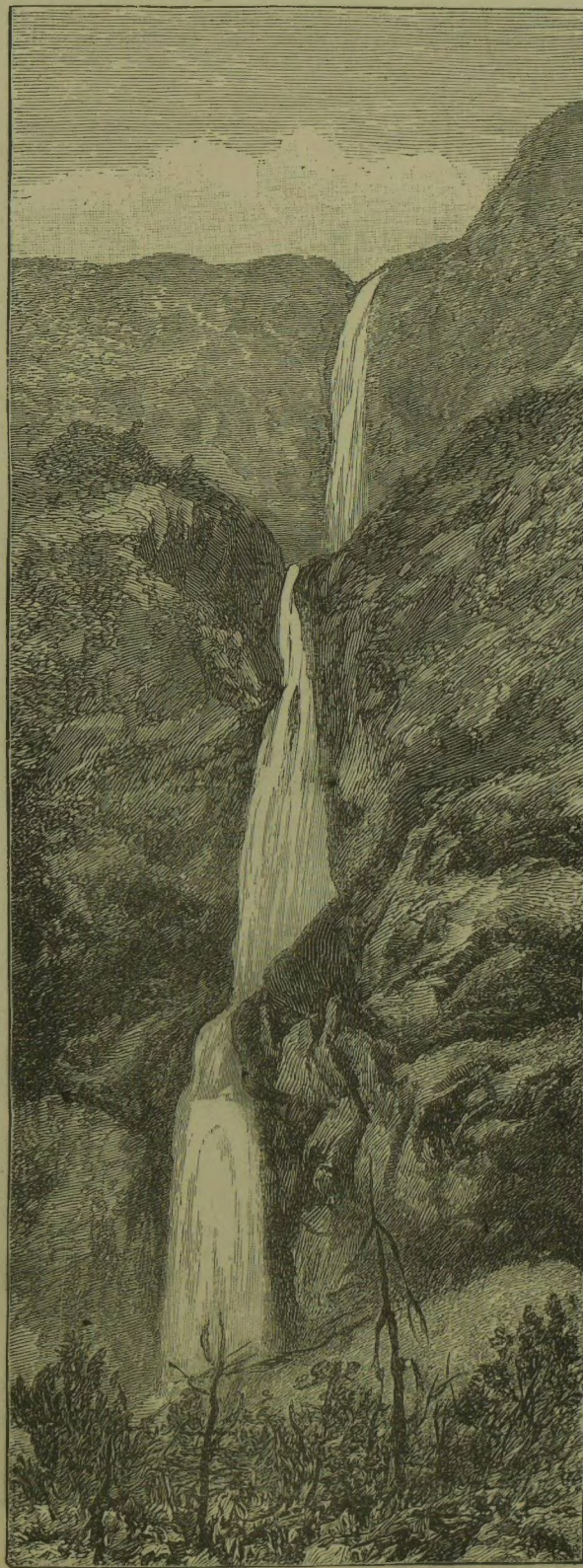
## THE EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

Forty-two slaves were rescued from an Arab dhow engaged in the slave trade, recently captured by the pinnace of H.M.S. Boadicea, in command of Lieutenant Slater, off Pemba Island, on the East Coast of Africa. The boy represented in our illustration had been captured in the Nyassa district, and



THE SLAVE TRADE ON THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA: BOY RESCUED FROM A SLAVE DHOW BY H.M.S. BOADICEA.

Marched with others to the coast. When rescued he was of very miserable appearance, as will be seen from the size of his arms; his legs, if possible, being worse. His body was covered with sores and weals, and was also in a very filthy condition, forty-six persons having been crowded into a small vessel of four tons burthen. The Photograph of this poor boy, who



THE SUTHERLAND FALLS, MILFORD SOUND, NEW ZEALAND.

could hardly stand, was taken on board H.M.S. Stork, by Mr. G. H. Sturgess, of that ship, at Mombasa, to which place the pinnace, with the dhow in tow, had to proceed, on account of the current and being short of water.

## THE SUTHERLAND FALLS, NEW ZEALAND.

We are indebted to Mr. Hugh Boscawen, of the General Survey Office, New Zealand, for a Sketch of the Sutherland Falls, supposed by New Zealanders to be one of the highest in the world. They were lately discovered by a man named Sutherland, while prospecting for gold in Milford Sound, on the west coast of the South Island. The Colonial Government has had a track cut from the head of the navigation in Milford Sound to these Falls, a distance of about twenty-five miles, in order to enable tourists to see them. The total descent of the cataract is 1904 feet, in three leaps, with a volume of water that the chief surveyor has not been able to ascertain correctly. A shelter hut has also been built to enable tourists to spend the night in the bush. The country is very wild and unexplored, and travelling is very rough; but the falls are well worth a visit.

## REWARD FOR GALLANTRY.

A special meeting of the Royal Humane Society was held at the offices, Trafalgar-square, on Jan. 15, to consider the cases of twenty-six persons who, during last year, were awarded the silver medal for saving life, and were, therefore, eligible for the Stanhope Gold Medal, which is the highest honour the society can bestow. The medal is the result of a fund raised in 1874 to commemorate the services of the late Captain O. S. Stanhope, Royal Navy. The candidates were George Eales, Frederick Whiteside and J. Whiteside, Lieutenant-Colonel Chatfield (Yorkshire Light Infantry), Albert Battison, John Robinson, Lieutenant J. W. Pochin (her Majesty's ship *Garnet*), W. Bradley (pier-keeper at Southend), Michael Waters, Alfred Andrews, Geoffrey Parker, Hezekiah Howarth, William Porter, Lieutenant E. C. T. Troubridge (her Majesty's ship *Sultan*), C. Drake (her Majesty's ship *Ready*), J. O'Sullivan, J. A. Maguire, H. N. G. Stucley (naval Cadet, her Majesty's ship *Britannia*), Andrew Purdie, J. F. Cooling, E. R. McKinstry, W. C. P. Heathcote, H. Chappell, L. R. Nickson, Ernest Corry (her Majesty's ship *Excellent*), and the Marquis of Breadalbane. The various cases having been fully investigated, the committee unanimously bestowed the medal upon Albert Battison, aged seventeen, of her Majesty's ship *Impregnable*, for saving Annie Freer, aged thirteen, in the following circumstances:—The *Scor*, at Leicester, being frozen, the girl attempted to cross it on the ice, when she broke through and became immersed in fourteen feet of water. A man went out part of the way to the girl's assistance, but returned, failing in his attempt to reach her. Battison then went on the ice, dived under it, got hold of the girl, and, in coming up, broke the ice with his head. He succeeded in bringing the girl to the surface and afterwards to the shore.

## SINGING IN CHURCHES.

A number of clergymen and others met, on Jan. 14, in the board-room of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at Delahay-street, to form an "Association for promoting good congregational singing by the use of simple, solid, and melodious music." Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode, who presided, said that the object of most church choirs had been to get well ahead of the congregation, and they had succeeded very well indeed. Another thing that went against congregational singing was the big organ, which cost so much; and between the two he thought they had done their best to kill congregational singing. Mr. E. Griffiths (who initiated the movement) felt that something should be done to stem the tide of what a celebrated divine had called "the spirit of professionalism in our church service." Those services were designed for the people; but in the majority of churches at the present time the part the people could take was very small indeed. Several members of the clergy had written expressing their sympathy with the movement. The Dean of Rochester wrote:—"I heartily sympathise with your laudable ambition to promote congregational singing." Canon Howell, Vicar of Wrexham, said:—"The prevailing style of church music is becoming increasingly unfavourable to liturgical worship. Our congregations are being robbed of their most precious heritage, and the spirituality of worship is injuriously affected. It is full time some action should be taken." After a discussion, resolutions were passed in favour of the objects of the meeting.

A further donation of £500 has been sent by Mr. Ernest A. Hankey to the Hospital Sunday Fund. The new office of the fund is at 18, Queen Victoria-street.

At the annual meeting of the members of the Bicester Hunt, held at the King's Arms Hotel, Bicester, it was arranged that Lord Chesham should continue the mastership next season.

The Rome correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* telegraphs that the Pope's gifts for distribution among the cathedral churches in Ireland are worth £10,000, and include a stole worth £1000 worn by the Pope himself at the celebration of his Jubilee.

At Durham Castle on Jan. 14 the final meeting of the executive committee of the Bishop of Durham's Special Church Building Fund was held. The report will be presented to the Durham Diocesan Conference in February, but it is stated that the total amount reaches £134,915.

The Bishop of London dedicated the new church of St. Columb, Lancaster-road, Notting-hill, on Jan. 14. The district assigned to the new church comprises 8000 people, still leaving a population of 10,000 to the mother church of All Saints', Notting-hill, of which the Rev. Canon Trench is Vicar.

The Tasmanian Parliament has reassembled after the Christmas recess. The Premier has made a financial statement in the House of Assembly, according to which the deficiency in the public revenue at the end of December amounted to £148,000, to cover which the Government proposes a tax of ninepence in the pound on personal property, including that of non-residents, and of fourpence in the pound on incomes derived from labour or pensions.

Mr. Wilson Barrett will commence his next engagement at the Royal Princess's Theatre on Monday, Jan. 28, appearing himself in "Hamlet" for twelve nights, supported by Miss Eastlake, George Barrett, and an exceptionally strong company. "Hamlet" will be followed on Feb. 11 by a new play, entitled "The Good Old Times," written by Mr. Barrett himself in collaboration with Mr. Hall Caine. During the run of "Hamlet" "The Lady of Lyons" will be produced at matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays; and during the rest of Mr. Barrett's engagement his new play, "Now-a-days," written by himself, will be played daily at matinees. In "Now-a-days" Miss Grace Hawthorne herself will, should her health permit, appear with Mr. Barrett, who will impersonate a rough Yorkshireman.



## SIR ROBERT MORIER, G.C.B.

Indignation has been justly expressed at the gross calumny published in a German newspaper against this highly estimable member of the diplomatic service of Great Britain; and not less surprise is felt at the discourteous refusal of the German Imperial Government, through Count Herbert Bismarck, to authorise the publication of his refutation of that slander in the official journal of Berlin. Sir Robert Morier, being one of the late Emperor Frederick's personal friends, was accused of having in 1870, when he was Resident Minister at Darmstadt, privately communicated to Marshal Bazaine, then commanding the French army at Metz, information of the German military plans, so as to enable the French to prepare for their defence in the sanguinary battle of Mars-la-Tour. Marshal Bazaine absolutely contradicted this statement, declaring that he never received any communication on military affairs from Sir Robert Morier during the war; and there is not a single honourable and intelligent person in Europe who can for a moment have doubted that the assertion which appeared in the *Kölnische Zeitung* was a malignant falsehood. Sir Robert Morier is her Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of the Emperor of Russia, and it is a grave scandal to the comity of European diplomatic intercourse that he should be treated with such injustice, and should be denied the ordinary civility—the fair, equitable redress—of giving official publicity to the contradiction in Germany, where from motives of political intrigue, and of hostility to those who were in the confidence of the late Emperor, this outrageous libel was permitted. We give a Portrait of the Right Hon. Sir Robert David Burnett Morier, who was born in 1826, was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and, in 1851, entered the Civil Service in the Education Department of the Privy Council. He joined the Foreign Office service in 1853, was attached to the Special Mission to Naples in 1859, and accompanied Lord John Russell, with her Majesty the Queen, in her visit to Germany in 1860. In 1862 he was appointed a second Secretary of Legation, and was promoted to the rank of Secretary in 1865, when he served as member of a Mixed Commission at Vienna on the Austrian tariff, was rewarded with the distinction of C.B., and during two years was engaged in the negotiations for a commercial treaty with Austria. In 1876 Mr. Morier became Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary at Lisbon; in 1881 he was appointed British Minister to Spain, and soon after was made a Knight of the Bath. His appointment to the Embassy at St. Petersburg took place in 1884, and has been followed by the additional honours of the Grand Cross of the Bath, and that of St. Michael and St. George. Sir Robert Morier is married to a daughter of the late General Jonathan Peel.

## WILDFOWL-NETTING IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

The vast mudflats in the Wash, between the mouth of the Witham and Wainfleet Haven, are in winter the haunt of great flocks of plovers, knots, geese, and ducks, besides godwits, redshanks, and curlews, feeding when the tide is out, and flying over the expanse of shallow sea when the water covers the marshes. Much of the land has been reclaimed from the sea by huge banks that extend for miles, with here and there a sluice-gate to let off the drainage. The ground is covered with coarse herbage, and full of water holes and creeks. For miles not a house can be seen, except one or two belonging to the Coastguard. The fishermen on the Lincolnshire side of the Wash increase their scanty earnings by netting and shooting



SIR ROBERT MORIER, G.C.B.,  
HER MAJESTY'S AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA.

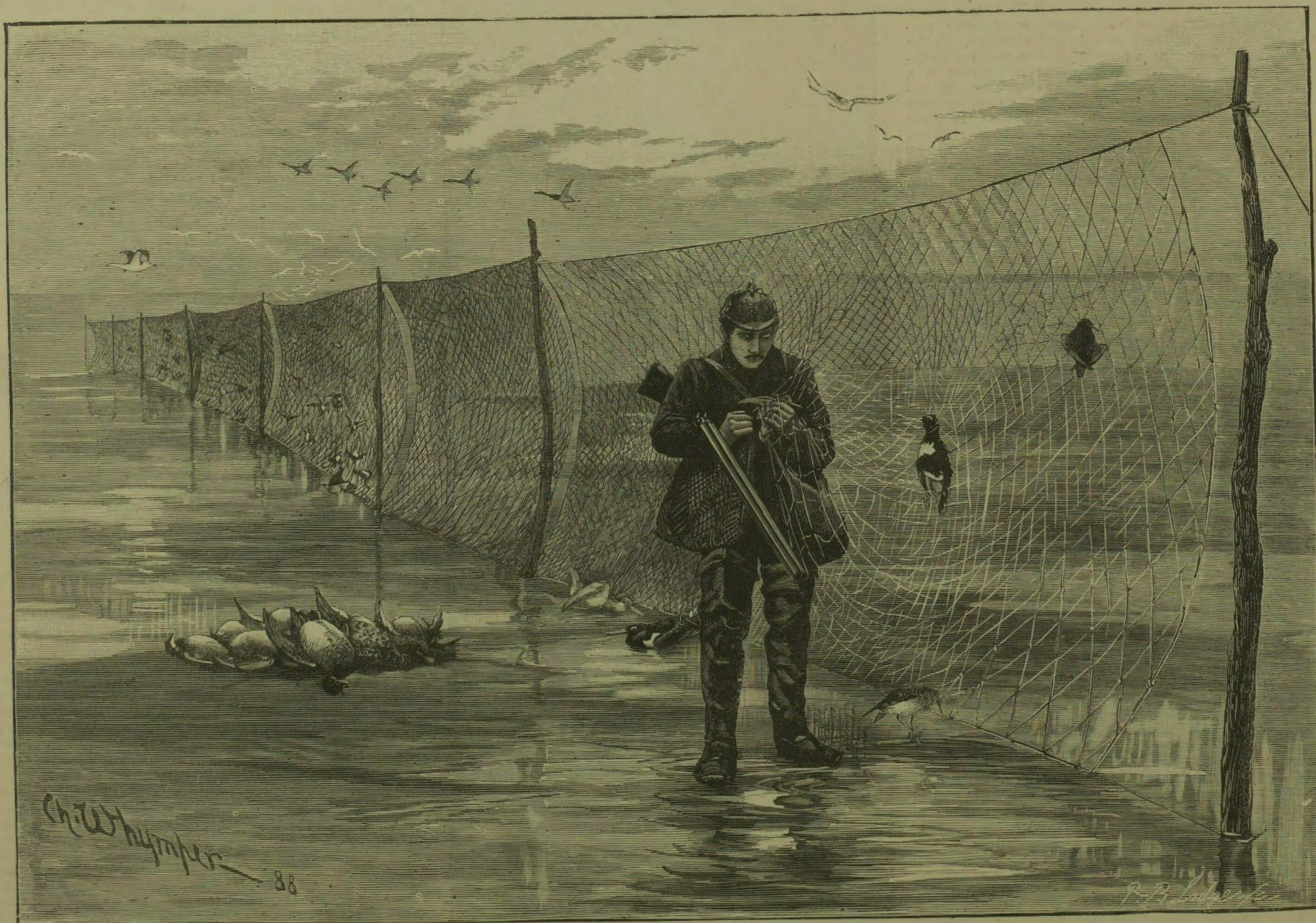
any birds suitable for the table. Early in October the flight nets are put out on the marshes. These are long nets, about six feet high and from one hundred to two hundred yards long, suspended between poles driven into the mud. Dozens of nets are stretched at intervals of a hundred yards or so, and one man will own several miles of netting. The nets are made of fine twine, the meshes are about five inches square. At high water, they are often half submerged. At night, great numbers of birds moving up and down the coast or making their way to land from the sea, are entangled in the snares. One of the birds most sought after is the knot, its flesh being a great delicacy; and often a single net will take several hundreds in a night. Another prize is the golden plover. Curlews, godwits, and redshanks are also taken, and now and then, especially in dark, stormy weather, or during spring tides, quantities of geese, ducks, and gulls—a hundred gulls having been taken in a single net.

The Charity Commissioners announce that a site for a new Free Library for Bethnal-green and a sum of £3000 have been granted by them.

## THE STUART EXHIBITION.

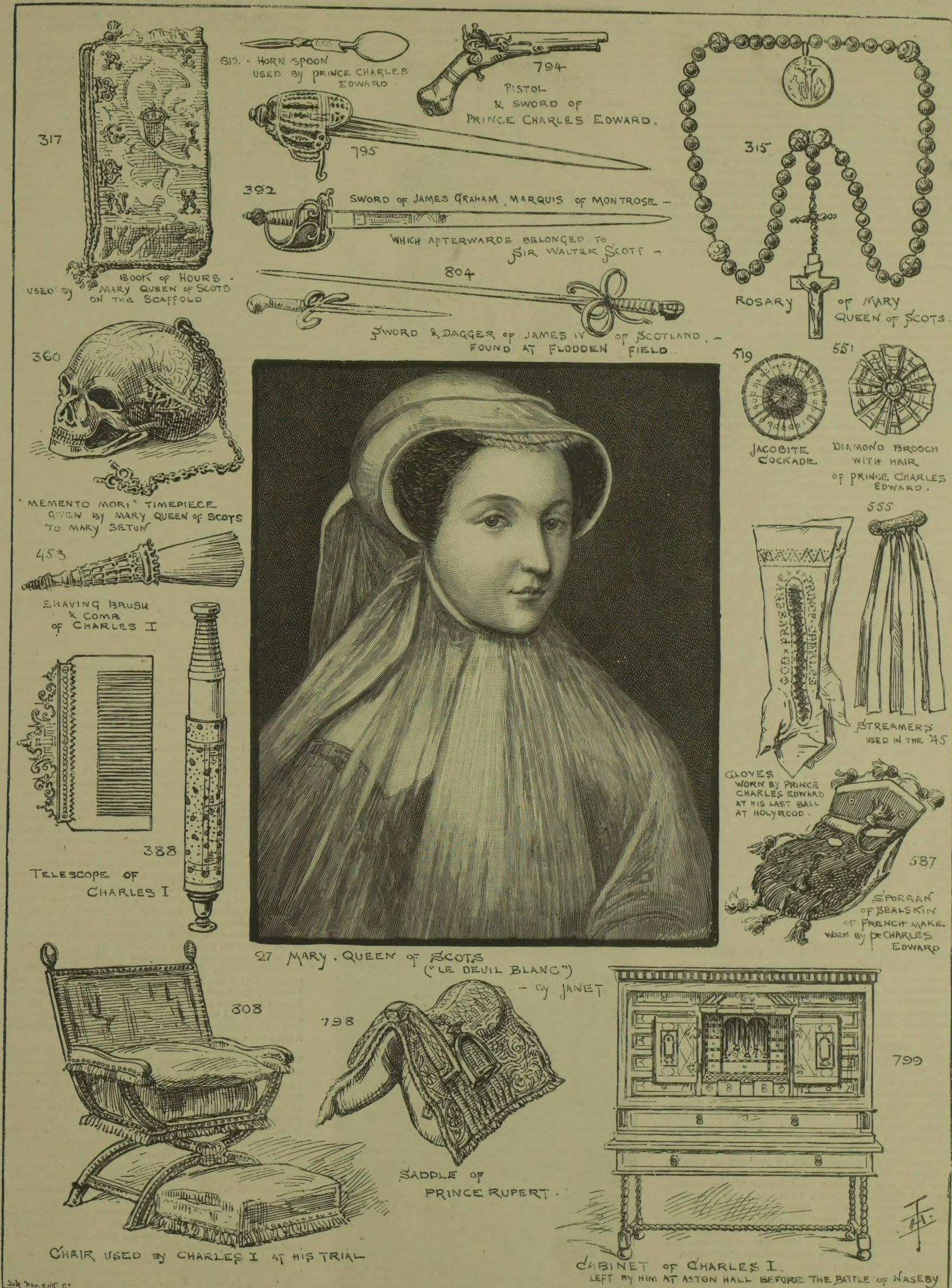
The exhibition opened at the New Gallery in Regent-street since New-Year's Day has already been described in this Journal, but some further comments are demanded by our illustrations of some of the historical relics which it contains. It has been collected by the efforts of a committee, of which the Earl of Ashburnham, the Earl of Crawford, Lord Wharncliffe, and several ladies of rank, are members, with Mr. Magniac, Mr. James Doyle, Mr. George Scharf, and other connoisseurs of portrait-painting and students of antiquities and art. The Royal House of Stuart, whatever may have been the personal or political demerits of nearly every one of its reigning Princes and Princesses, has this grand claim on national regard—it was really the instrument of creating the Kingdom of Great Britain. It is due to the accession of the Stuarts, the Kings of Scotland, to the English Throne in the person of James VI., who became our James I., and, a century afterwards, to the Parliamentary Union of the two Kingdoms under Queen Anne Stuart, that the people of this island became one nation. Happy would it have been for Ireland if there had ever been an Irish Royal family, commanding the sentiment of national loyalty in that country, which could, by intermarriage and inheritance, have been so linked with the English Monarchy, on honourable terms, as to overcome the feelings of patriotic pride and jealousy, and of ignorant contempt and aversion, which hinder the cordial Union of neighbouring communities! The incorporation of Wales with England was rendered tranquil and comparatively sincere, in a great measure, by the accession of a Tudor to the throne of England. In these times, when the Royal personality is less of an indispensable symbol of the national dignity, such political influences appear romantic, sentimental, almost childish; but every nation has had its childish age; our past history cannot be understood without recognising that in Scottish hearts, for a very long time, the claims of the House of Stuart were the honour of Scotland, and in spite of two Jacobite rebellions, one so late as 1745, those claims are satisfied by the happy reign of their legitimate surviving heir, our Sovereign Queen Victoria.

Of the Stuart Kings of Scotland—who wrote their names "Stewart," deriving both name and title from Robert II., grandson of King Robert Bruce, having been the Steward or Regent of the Kingdom during the captivity of his uncle, David II., and succeeding him in 1371—let the story be read in Dr. John Hill Burton's excellent History, or in Sir Walter Scott's entertaining "Tales of a Grandfather." They were, down to the sixth James, a chivalrous, fighting, rash and headlong race of Princes, embarrassed by the turbulence and treachery of their feudal Lords and fortune-hunting Knights, but popular as the heirs of the hero Bruce, and as champions of national independence in the frequent English wars. No Stuart ever seemed capable of being a constitutional Sovereign; and nearly the whole of the seventeenth century in England was occupied in a conflict between their notions of Royal prerogative and our notions of law and public rights. These English ideas made their way to the essentially English, or Saxon, people of south-east Scotland, and to the Lowland townfolk, who helped to defeat the Jacobite rebellion in the eighteenth century, their adherence being secured by the establishment of the Presbyterian Church. It is probable that if all the Stuarts, from the unhappy and far from innocent Queen Mary, down to Prince Charles Edward, had been zealous Protestants, they would never have lost their hold on



WILDFOWL-NETTING IN LINCOLNSHIRE: A SKETCH NEAR BOSTON.





HISTORICAL RELICS IN THE STUART EXHIBITION, AT THE NEW GALLERY, REGENT-STREET.

Scottish loyalty... James II., though untrustworthy, might not have been driven from England, but would have yielded, with sullen reluctance, to the gradual progress of constitutional freedom; and the Stuart dynasty would have outlived that of the Bourbons.

These broader considerations give to the curious Exhibition now on view a higher degree of interest than any romantic personality. Not even the genius of Sir Walter Scott can persuade us, at this time of day, to care much for any of the characters whose portraits hang in the two galleries—Mary was doubtless a beautiful woman, but here are twenty portraits of her, differing so much that we know her face less than

ever—or for their locks of hair, their autographs, prayer-books and crosses; their jewels, plate, watches, garments, furniture, and other relics, except as specimens of artistic workmanship, or of the fashions of their times. In this respect, as a collection of authentic antiquities, the Exhibition is decidedly attractive; and some of the portraits, which have been noticed in a former article, as subjects of art criticism, including those painted by Zuccherro, Oudry, Mytens, Vandyke, Lely, and Kneller, deserve careful inspection. The small portrait of Queen Mary, by Janet, which has been removed from Hampton Court to Windsor, is called "Le Deuil Blanc," from her white muslin mourning attire; it is probably as good

a likeness as any, and the engraving of it appears in the centre of our Illustrations. We are rather sceptical about the sword and dagger of King James IV. found on the battle-field of Flodden, as it is said that his dead body was never found there, so that many people long believed him to be still living; but the sword of Montrose, and that of "the Young Pretender," as well as Prince Charlie's gloves, pistol, and spoon, may well be accepted. Among the relics best authenticated is the blood-stained shirt worn by King Charles I. when he was beheaded at Whitehall, and given by him to his attendant, John Ashburnham, with other memorials of that tragical event.

We take this opportunity of noticing a volume recently



published, "Side-Lights on the Stuarts," by F. A. Inderwick, Q.C. (Sampson Low and Co.), which discusses several important passages of the history of that family in England in the seventeenth century. After a slight biographical sketch of James I. of England, who is said to have been "rather a King-in-law than a King" of the English people, Mr. Inderwick relates the troubled life of the Lady Arabella Stuart, daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, niece to Mary, Queen of Scots, and cousin to King James; her clandestine marriage to William Seymour, her imprisonment, adventurous escape, and recapture, and her languishing death in the Tower; many of her private letters are here printed. This is followed by an essay on the numerous prosecutions and executions for witchcraft under James I. and his successors, indeed down to the time of Queen Anne; and there is an essay also on the Royal custom of pretended miraculous healing by touch, practised extensively by Charles II. and James II. The trial of Charles I., his execution, and the fate of the "Regicides" at the Restoration, are related with minute attention to the existing records; and Mr. Inderwick also gives a good account of the Monmouth Rebellion, with lists of those who suffered for taking part in it. His description of the general condition of "Merrie England" at the Restoration period may be compared with the details mentioned in a well-known brilliant chapter of Macaulay's History.

## MUSIC.

"Paul Jones," a new opera composed by M. Planquette, was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, by the Carl Rosa light-opera company, on Saturday evening, Jan. 12, having been previously performed in the provinces. The work is an adaptation from a French comic opera entitled "Surcouf," the English book being by Mr. H. Farnie. The libretto is rather of a humorous than, as might be supposed, of a melodramatic kind. According to the English version, Paul Jones, before attaining his world-wide celebrity, and in the days of his poverty, is in love with Yvonne, a beautiful maiden whom he encounters at St. Malo, where he is apprenticed to a ship-chandler, one Bicoquet, uncle to Yvonne, who is urged by him to accept a wealthier suitor as her husband—a condition being granted that if Paul can return at the lapse of three years' absence the possessor of a fortune, he may claim the young lady as his bride. Accordingly, after serving in an American privateer, and meeting with sundry hairbreadth escapes, Paul triumphs over all obstacles, and the piece ends with his attainment of his object. Such are the leading incidents of a plot that is somewhat farfetched, and not very coherent in its exaggerated transitions from one locality to another.

The music, by the composer of many previous bright and tuneful comic operas (notably "Les Cloches de Corneville"), is throughout lively and animated, with occasionally a slight vein of sentiment—as, for instance, in Paul's romance in the first act; but the prevalence of the dance style, with its conventional rhythms, becomes somewhat monotonous when carried through three acts. Indeed, the general tone is rather that of opera-bouffe than what is properly called "opera-comique," such as characterises the exquisite productions of Boieldieu and Auber, and other French composers of a past period. Of the performance of "Paul Jones" it would scarcely be possible to speak too highly, all its details manifesting thorough efficiency and careful preparation on the part of all concerned. The character of the hero was sustained by Miss A. Huntington, a young American lady, possessed of an exceptionally handsome presence, and a voice of very pleasing quality. Miss Phyllis Broughton, as Chopinette, was charming in manner, and always refined even in the most demonstrative action, and her pleasant vocalisation and graceful dancing were special features of the performance. The character of Yvonne also found a very attractive representative in Miss Wadman. Mr. H. Ashley as Bicoquet, Messrs. H. Monkhouse and A. James as fishermen-smugglers, Mr. Hendon as the American skipper, Mr. F. Wyatt as the fantastic Spaniard Don Trocadero, and others too numerous for separate mention, all contributed to the successful representation of the piece. There is some pretty scenery by Messrs. Robson and Ryan, and the dresses are excellent in their tasteful variety. The performance was carefully conducted by Mr. F. Stanislaus. Some little hindrance to its progress was caused by a difference of opinion among the audience as to several encores; the abolition of which, and some compression of portions of the action, might improve the effect of "Paul Jones."

The resumption of the Saturday afternoon Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, on Jan. 12, was, of course, too late for notice until now; the continuance of the Monday evening Popular Concerts, on Jan. 7, having been duly recorded. At the first afternoon concert of the year, Sir Charles Hallé reappeared as solo pianist, his performance in that capacity having been Schubert's (so-called) "Fantaisie Sonata," Op. 78, the graceful style of such music being especially suited to the careful and finished execution of the interpreter. In Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, the association of Sir C. Hallé with Lady Hallé (Madame Néruda) as violinist, secured a worthy interpretation; and vocal pieces were rendered with much refinement by Mrs. Henschel, the concert having opened with Mozart's string quintet in G minor. The evening concert of the following Monday, Jan. 14, again included Lady Hallé's co-operation as leading violinist, Madame Haas having played Chopin's Impromptu in F sharp (for piano solo) with skilful execution and sound taste, and the principal part in Brahms's pianoforte quartet in A major. On this occasion the vocalist was Miss Florence Hoskins, a young lady who made her first appearance here, and created a very favourable impression. Her songs were Haydn's canon "Fidelity," and Sullivan's "Ever." Some nervousness was apparent, especially in the first piece; but this will wear off with repeated public appearances, and Miss Hoskins seems qualified to take a good position as a leading vocalist. The first of Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" string quartets completed the programme.

Mr. Henschel's "London Symphony Concerts," at St. James's Hall, were resumed, after a few weeks' recess, on Jan. 15. The occasion brought forward—for the first time in England—an orchestral work by the eminent Russian composer, Tchaikowsky. It is described as a "Solemn Overture," its title being associated with the date 1812, which doubtless implies that the horrors of the French invasion of that period have suggested the serious style and tone of the work. To place a production of importance, by a composer of eminence, at the end of a sufficiently long programme would seem to imply a doubt of its merits. Of these we shall, therefore, await an opportunity of speaking further when the overture is repeated, as it probably soon will be, with the advantage of having a better place than after a series of pieces by which the hearer's attention is exhausted. At the same concert, Mr. Willy Hess made his appearance, and executed Spohr's ninth violin concerto. The violinist made a favourable impression by the display of some fluent execution, and an agreeable, although not powerful, tone. Other items of the programme consisted of more or less familiar pieces.

Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall (now in their twenty-third season) are fully maintaining their attractiveness. The most recent performance was on Wednesday evening, Jan. 16, when a programme comprising a varied selection of popular songs and ballads (new and old) was associated with the names of some of the most eminent vocalists; the announcements having also included the co-operation of Mr. Eaton Fanning's select choir, and Miss Nettie Carpenter as solo violinist.—The ballad concert on



TROPHY CUP OF THE ROYAL CROMER GOLF CLUB, NORFOLK,  
Presented by the Prince of Wales.

Wednesday, Jan. 23, will be a morning one, with an excellent programme.

The fifth concert of the Royal Choral Society, at the Albert Hall on Jan. 16, was, as we have previously stated, to have brought forward M. Benoit's oratorio, "Lucifer," which, however, was replaced by Berlioz's "Faust" music, originally announced for March 30. The arrangements for the concert of Jan. 16 included the assignment of the soprano solo music to Miss Macintyre—the young lady who, it will be remembered, made so successful a début as a prima-donna during Mr. Augustus Harris's season of the Covent-Garden Royal Italian Opera, last year.

Mr. M. Heinrich and Mr. E. Moor's second vocal and pianoforte recital at Steinway Hall, on Jan. 16, put forth a programme of high interest in association with the names of the accomplished singer and pianist by whom the concerts are given.

Among recent concerts was a pianoforte recital by Madame Esperanza Kisch, at Steinway Hall, the announced programme of which implied a cultivated and comprehensive taste and executive powers. Miss Beatrice Boucicault and Miss Rose Kenny gave a dramatic and musical recital on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 17, at the Steinway Hall. Signor Carlo Ducci announces a musical and dramatic soirée on Saturday evening, Jan. 19, at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole—the conductors being Signor Carlo Ducci and Mr. Raphael Roche.

The committee of the Mendelssohn Scholarship met on Jan. 12 to examine four candidates who had previously been selected from out of twenty-eight. After carefully testing the candidates the committee came, with reluctance, to the conclusion that no one of them reached the desired standard. The valuable prize remains, therefore, still open.

## A CENTENARIAN PENINSULAR VETERAN.

There is still living at Pontypool, South Wales, a man, John Stuart West, now in his one hundredth year, who, as a private in the 71st Regiment, fought under Sir John Moore, and witnessed his death in the retreat of the British Army before



JOHN STUART WEST, A VETERAN OF THE PENINSULAR WAR,  
In his One Hundredth Year.

Corunna in 1809. He also served under the Duke of Wellington through nearly the whole of the Peninsular War, from Fuentes d'Onor to Vittoria. Invalided and discharged in 1817, he re-enlisted in 1826, served through the Kaffir War in 1833, and was not finally discharged until 1845, when he hoped that his length of service might have been recognised by an extra pension; but he received only one shilling a day, with two shillings and sixpence a week allowed to him by a benevolent lady. We are glad to learn that an appeal lately made to public generosity, by Mr. E. C. Daniel, jun., and other

persons at Pontypool, has raised a fund sufficient to provide for the old soldier during the remainder of his life. His limbs are feeble and tremulous, but his mind is still quite clear; and we give his Portrait from a photograph recently taken by Mr. H. Dunning, of Usk, Monmouthshire.

## A ROYAL GOLF CLUB IN NORFOLK.

The Prince of Wales, being president of the Royal Cromer Golf Club, has given a prize trophy cup to the club, one to be held for twelve months only by successive winners. It has been presented to the club by the Prince through Mr. Broadhurst, M.P. The cup is a very handsome piece of workmanship in silver, beautifully chased, the decorations being of the Corinthian order. It is mounted on a pedestal of black polished mahogany, the whole enclosed in an oak casket. The cup and stand together measure ten inches. The cup has been photographed by Messrs. Mace Brothers, of Cromer. We believe there is only about one other club in the United Kingdom that possesses a prize of such a nature given by the Royal family. The interest taken in the club by the Prince is partly owing to the fact of its being in the neighbourhood of his residence at Sandringham.

## "THAT DOCTOR CUPID."

Mr. Robert Buchanan, singularly successful in adapting a brace of old English novels to the Vaudeville stage under the titles of "Sophia" and "Joseph's Sweetheart," has had the good fortune to furnish Mr. Thomas Thorne with a fresh triumph in the form of a new "fantastic comedy" of an Asmodean character. "That Doctor Cupid," essayed at a Vaudeville matinée on the Fourteenth of January, occasioned so much merriment by its droll situations and diverting acting, surprisingly finished for a first morning performance, that it was resolved to place the novel play in the evening bill the same week. "That Doctor Cupid" escapes from his bottle, after the fashion of "Le Diable Boiteux," in the nick of time to come to the rescue of Harry Rackett, a young Cambridge student, who, over head and ears in debt as well as over head and ears in love, finds himself in danger of losing the lass he loves. How vivacious and irrepressibly rakish Dr. Cupid spirits him away to fashionable Bath, causes every lady to fall in love with Harry, and thereby provokes his own dear Kate, out of pique, to accept the hand of a rich suitor, but eventually reconciles hero and heroine, must be seen to be appreciated. From first to last, "That Doctor Cupid" won the favour of the audience; and at the end of the piece Mr. Buchanan was warmly applauded. As "That Doctor Cupid" Mr. Thomas Thorne was remarkably lively, and won many a laugh by the effectiveness of his archery. Miss W. Emery and Mr. Frank Gillmore were altogether admirable as Kate and Harry Rackett; and Mr. Cyril Maude, in a capital stuttering part, and Miss Marion Lea were similarly good; while Mr. Frederick Thorne, Miss Dolores Drummond, and Miss F. Robertson infused the requisite amount of humour into the character-sketches of Sir Timothy Rackett, Mrs. Veale, and Miss Constant.

## BRITISH WEST AFRICA.

Mr. H. H. Johnston, formerly British Vice-Consul for the Oil Rivers and the Cameroons, and now Consul in Portuguese East Africa, was present on Jan. 15 at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, in the Whitehall Rooms, Northumberland-avenue, and read a paper on "British West Africa and the Trade of the Interior." There was a large attendance. Lord Brassey presided.

Mr. Johnston said that Western Africa was similar in many respects to India. While there were mountainous districts in the interior, where, no doubt, European settlers could live and thrive as well or better than in Ceylon, or Guiana, or the Mauritius; yet the bulk of the country was certainly unfitted for European colonisation, not only because the climate was unpropitious, but because the land was already occupied by a sturdy, prolific, indigenous race. Left to themselves, it was doubtful whether the negroes would ever rise much above their present low condition; but they were wonderful in their imitative faculty. Through them only could we develop Tropical Africa, and both would profit from the partnership. If we declined to explore and develop those parts of Tropical Africa which were legitimately within the sphere of our influence, other European nations would supplant us, to the great injury of our trade. Whilst the great future wealth of the interior plateaux would certainly lie in their mineral deposits, the riches of the West Coast region lay in its numerous and valuable vegetable products, including valuable timbers. The entire trade of this country with our possessions on the West Coast amounted last year to £5,012,210. These figures ought to convince everybody that our trade with West Africa was not a trifle, to be despised and neglected by politicians. If we had not parted with the energy and resolution which characterised us of old we should make of Western Africa another India.

Mr. R. Griffith, Mr. S. Lewis, Mr. F. Swanzy, the Rev. Mr. Milum, Mr. Pownall, and Mr. Salmon having spoken, the chairman moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Johnston, and expressed a desire to see a serious effort made to construct railways in the Soudan from Suakin and along the Nile Valley. It could, however, only be done with native co-operation. As to the rivalry of foreign nations in colonial enterprise, our true policy was not one of ambition and annexation, but of developing, improving, and protecting what we already possessed. The question of judicious negotiation with the native authorities for the purpose of opening trade-routes to the interior of Africa ought to commend itself to our Colonial Office. The vote was carried by acclamation.

After Archdeacon Farrar's sermon on behalf of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, at St. Jude's Church, South Kensington, on Sunday evening, Jan. 13, one of his hearers sent him a cheque for £100.

The portrait of Sir Robert Morier, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, is from a photograph by Messrs. Lombardi and Co., of Pall-mall East. The portrait of Mrs. Chamberlain is from a photograph by Mr. John Collier, of New-street, Birmingham.

A tablet to the memory of Joseph Maas has been erected by his widow, by permission of the Dean and Chapter, in Rochester Cathedral, the scene of his early musical career. It was unveiled on Jan. 16, the third anniversary of Mr. Maas's death.

The Right Rev. Dr. William Stubbs, who was consecrated Bishop of Chester on April 5, 1884, was on Jan. 15 confirmed in his election to the Bishopric of Oxford, the ceremony taking place in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, in the presence of a large congregation.

The annual meeting of the Actors' Benevolent Fund was held on Jan. 15, at the Lyceum Theatre—Mr. H. Irving in the chair. The subject of provision for orphans had been mooted, and the committee were of opinion that any case of the kind should be dealt with separately.

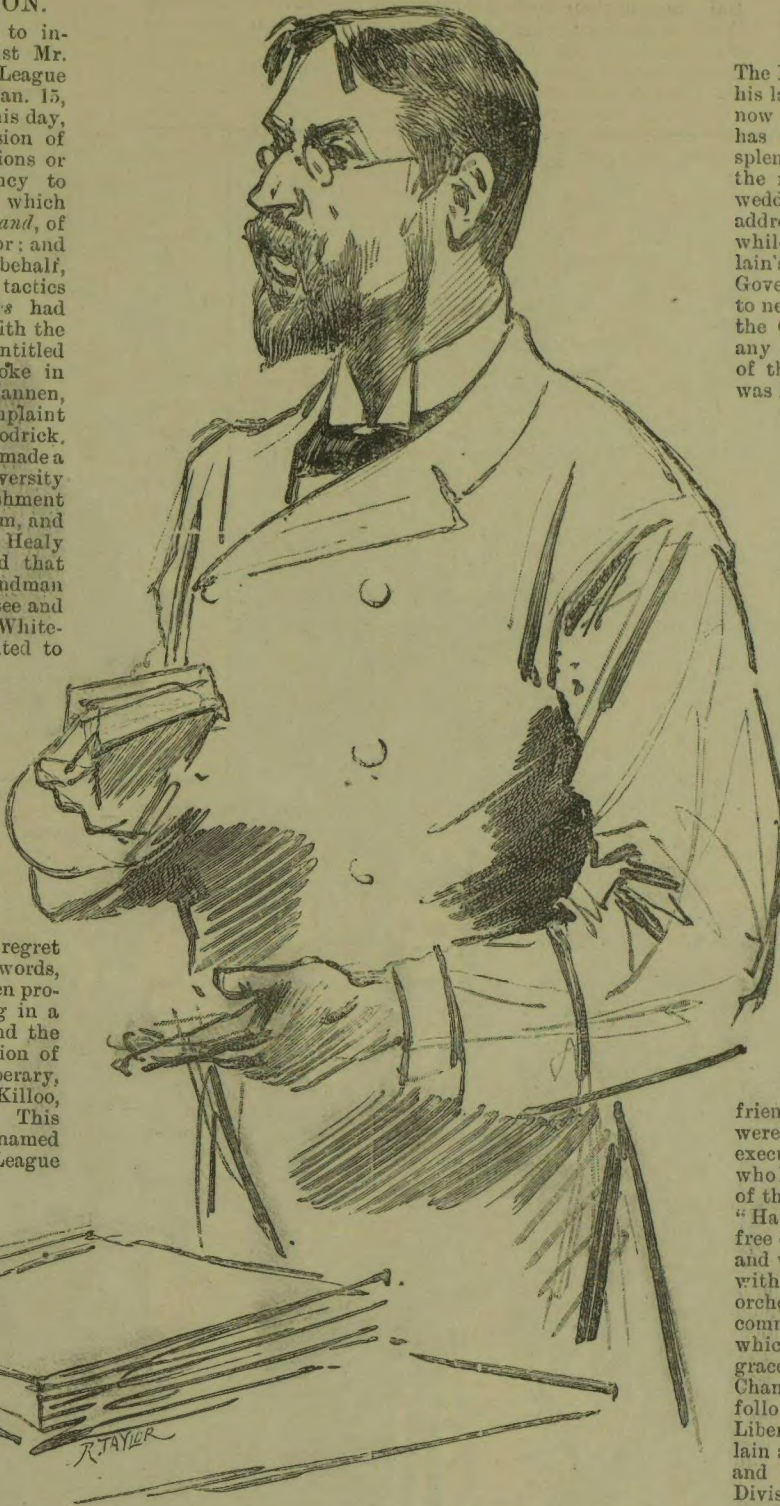


## THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The Special Commission of three Judges appointed to investigate the charges set forth by the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and other leading members of the Irish Land League and National League resumed its sittings on Tuesday, Jan. 15, at the Royal Courts of Justice. The proceedings of this day, the thirty-second sitting, began with further discussion of several cases of alleged contempt of Court, by publications or speeches lately made which might have a tendency to prejudice its action. One of these was an article which appeared on Dec. 15 in the newspaper called *United Ireland*, of which Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., is proprietor and editor; and Mr. William O'Brien addressed the Court on his own behalf, contending that he had a right to comment on the tactics of the prosecution, and complaining that the *Times* had republished its reports of the sittings of this Court, with the Attorney-General's opening speech, in a volume entitled "Parnellism and Crime." The Attorney-General spoke in reply to Mr. O'Brien, and the President, Sir James Hannen, said the Court would reserve its judgment. The next complaint was one made on the other side against the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Warden of Merton College, Oxford, who had, on Dec. 3, made a speech at a small political meeting of Oxford University students, in which he expressed his regret at the establishment of an Oxford branch of the National League among them, and at the fact that Mr. Michael Davitt, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Healy had been invited to lecture at Oxford. He observed that Oxford had also been visited in like manner by Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Henry George; and such was the readiness to see and hear persons of notoriety, that he believed "if the Whitechapel murderer could be identified, he would be invited to lecture to an Oxford club." Mr. Reid, Q.C., as counsel for Mr. Dillon and others of the Irish National League, moved the Court to decide whether this speech was not an insult from which they ought to be protected. As counsel for the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Mr. Lyttelton now read a long affidavit, declaring that he had only meant "to ridicule, in a spirit of good-humoured banter, the love of innovation and of sensational notoriety-hunting prevalent in a certain school of young Oxford politicians"; and that he never intended to compare or associate the Irish Nationalists or the Socialists with the Whitechapel murderer, in point of criminality. After some conversation, Sir James Hannen said that the Court would accept Mr. Brodrick's explanation, with his regret that such an interpretation should have been put on his words, and that no further action was called for. The Court then proceeded to discuss the arrangements proposed for putting in a quantity of statistics of crime and agrarian outrage, and the remainder of the sitting was occupied by the examination of two witnesses—Major Deane-Tanner, of Carlow and Tipperary, an agent for several landowners; and Francis Iago, of Killoo, a member of the local branch of the Land League. This witness told how he himself killed a poor man named Houlighan, who had taken an evicted farm. The Land League had resolved "to give him a stroke," and appointed the witness to do it; he did not intend to kill, but struck the man in the hand with a clamp-iron, and the man died.

## FOOD PREPARATION AND DISTRIBUTION.

The first of a series of four conferences on the food supply of the people was held on Jan. 15, at the Cannon-street Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. Edric Bayley, member of the London School Board. There was a numerous attendance of ladies and gentlemen. A paper was read by Mr. D. Tallerman, in the course of which he endeavoured to demonstrate the following propositions:—(1) That an abundant supply of home-grown meat and other foods was obtainable at very low prices; (2) that they were capable of being prepared for consumption so as to yield much better results than were obtained



Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., Answers a Charge of Contempt of Court.

at present; (3) that they could be effectively cooked in a simple and economical manner; and (4) that they might be distributed so as to be promptly delivered in any and every direction to satisfy the wide and varied requirements of every class of consumer. By a series of carefully-prepared statistics, Mr. Tallerman showed that we could produce all the food we required and put into the pockets of the farmers from £30,000,000 to £40,000,000 sterling per annum, while the price of meat could be so reduced as to bring it within the reach of the poorest classes in increased quantities. The general impression was that meat was in short supply and dear. The actual facts were that meat was abundant and cheap; and if once it could be secured for children's meals, for instance, even at the current rates, they might be substantially fed at a very nominal cost. The prevention of waste was of paramount importance in this matter; and Mr. Tallerman contended that a saving of 10 per cent could be easily effected, thereby adding £21,030,000 sterling annually to the estimated earnings of the working classes, amounting to £300,000,000 a year. The essential requirement was the general establishment in grazing districts of slaughter-houses with refrigerating chambers and appliances for the utilisation of the edible offal while fresh, coupled with facilities for the preparation of the boiling joints and the proper treatment of refuse, which would at once place home farmers on a footing of equality with those engaged in the meat trade abroad. It was pointed out that at Barrow-in-Furness, Bristol Docks, and Dublin such accommodation was provided, but was practically unutilised, despite the complaints of agricultural distress and foreign competition. In conclusion, Mr. Tallerman urged the importance of combination on the part of co-operative societies and school managers in order to bring producers and consumers into more direct contact.

A discussion followed the reading of the paper, and at the close a cordial vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Tallerman on the motion of Lieutenant-General Playfair, seconded by Mr. Hunter, a practical agriculturist.

The Duke of Cambridge has proposed to the Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed under the Home Defence Scheme that, as far as possible, the battalions of their brigades shall, during next summer, instead of holding separate battalion camps as heretofore, be assembled in large brigade camps, the Brigadier-Generals taking the command.

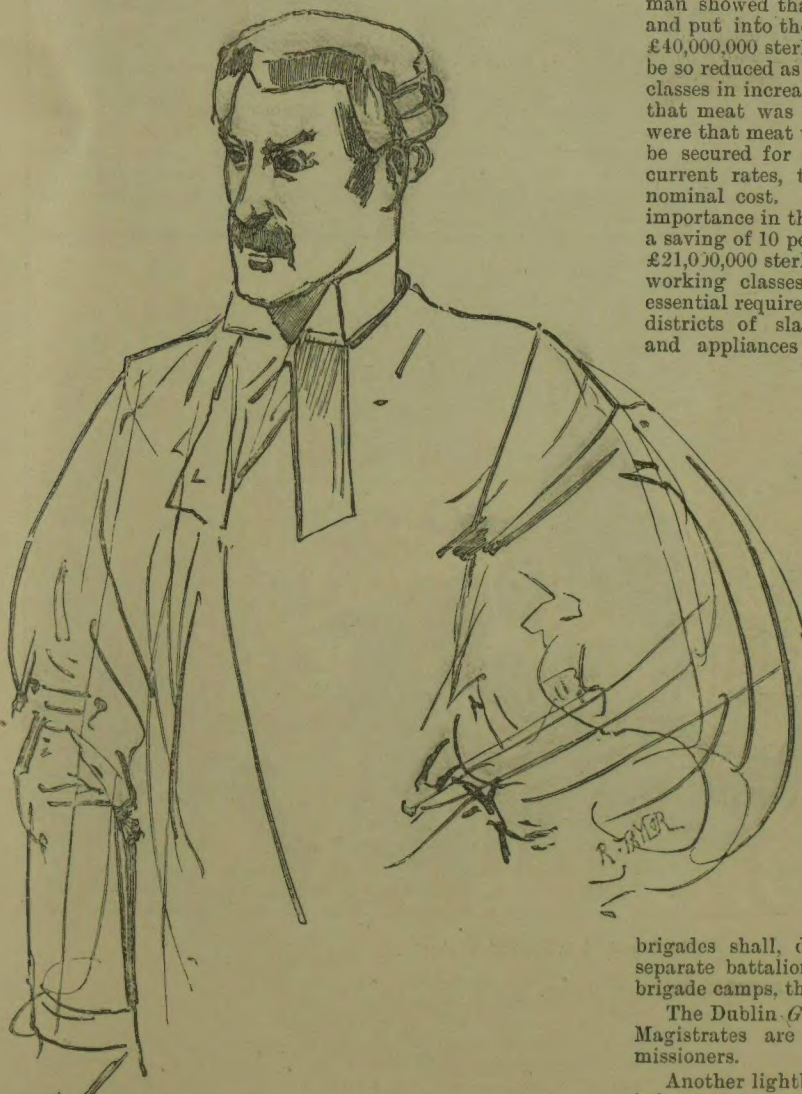
The *Dublin Gazette* contains a notice that the Divisional Magistrates are henceforth to be called Divisional Commissioners.

Another lighthouse for the Yorkshire coast is, according to information received at Hull from the Trinity Corporation, to be erected between Flamborough Head and Spurn Point.

## MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN IN BIRMINGHAM.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., on returning with his lately-married wife, an American lady, to the great town, now styled a city, in which he has resided most of his life, has been welcomed by the people of Birmingham with a splendid public demonstration of social esteem. It assumed the rather unusual form of personal congratulations on his wedding, and a formal reception of Mrs. Chamberlain, with addresses and costly gifts from several bodies of subscribers; while the event was naturally associated with Mr. Chamberlain's preceding diplomatic mission to the United States Government and his labours, generally approved in England, to negotiate an amicable settlement of the dispute concerning the Canadian Fisheries. No other political question was in any way considered; and Mr. Chamberlain, though the chief of the Radical or Democratic portion of the Liberal Unionists, was honoured, on this occasion, not in that capacity, but as a townsman who has been thrice Mayor of Birmingham, who has for many years laboured in municipal offices, in the improvement of the town, in the cause of popular education, and in promoting local reforms and works of usefulness, the appreciation of which has nothing to do with political party feeling. These claims to the regard of his fellow-townsmen were acknowledged, some years ago, by erecting a monument in the midst of the noble group of public buildings that adorns the centre of Birmingham. They are recalled to mind by the domestic and neighbourly character of the recent public welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 8, after Mr. Chamberlain and his wife had been well settled in their home, the house at Highbury Moor long inhabited by the right hon. gentleman, they were greeted at the Townhall by an assembly of ladies and gentlemen representing the best society of Birmingham, and with festive decorations seldom excelled in tasteful magnificence. The great hall had been transformed into a vast and elegant drawing-room; its walls draped with light blue, dazzling with mirrors, hung with Oriental curtains, and beset with handsome sideboards, on which plate and ornaments were displayed; the orchestra filled with palms and conservatory plants and flowers, not forgetting some of the proverbial orchids, and fronted with ivy-growth on pillars of cork, alternating with mirrors; the floor spread with a great variety of carpets and rugs; and the whole illuminated by soft incandescent lights. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were accompanied by Miss Chamberlain, the Misses Ada, Hilda, and Ethel Chamberlain, Mr. Austen and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and by their friends Lady Mandeville and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. They were received in the porch by Alderman Johnson, chairman of the executive committee for this reception, and by Mr. C. E. Mathews, who had made all the arrangements, with the respective chairmen of the several presentation committees. The fine organ played "Hail, Columbia!" in honour of Mrs. Chamberlain's great and free country, and the whole company cheered, clapped hands, and waved handkerchiefs; while a young lady presented her with a bouquet. They were conducted to seats in the orchestra, where Mr. C. E. Mathews, on behalf of the sub-committee for the address and presentation, read the address, which was displayed in a large frame, and made a cordial and graceful speech, offering at its conclusion a gift to Mrs. Chamberlain—a necklet of rich Oriental pearls. He was followed by Mrs. E. H. Stringer, on behalf of the Women's Liberal Unionist Association, who presented to Mrs. Chamberlain a diamond star; and by Mr. E. J. Smith, Mr. W. Tonks, and Councillor Jacobs, who, for the electors of the Western Division of Birmingham, presented to Mr. Chamberlain, their representative in Parliament, and to his wife, a set of gold jewellery, the handiwork of some of his own constituents. In each instance, these gifts were accompanied with brief addresses of respectful friendship, referring to the public services of the right hon. gentleman, and to his long connection with Birmingham. It need scarcely be said that Mr. Chamberlain's speech in reply was an excellent specimen of sym-



Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Counsel for the Warden of Merton.



The Warden of Merton Stands to Receive Judgment.

pathetic oratory in the most correct style of public address; and, while thanking his Birmingham friends, most warmly, for so much kindness to him and to his wife, he referred with deep feeling to the illness of their senior member, the Right Hon. John Bright.

Our illustrations show the chief incidents of this occasion, which was attended by our Special Artist. The decorations of the hall were superintended by Mr. C. E. Mathews, and were furnished by Messrs. Marris and Norton, of Birmingham, and by Messrs. Hewitt and Co., of Solihull.



Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.

Presenting Address of Women of Birmingham.



Inspecting the Framed Address.

Mr. Chamberlain Returning Thanks.

THE BIRMINGHAM WELCOME TO MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

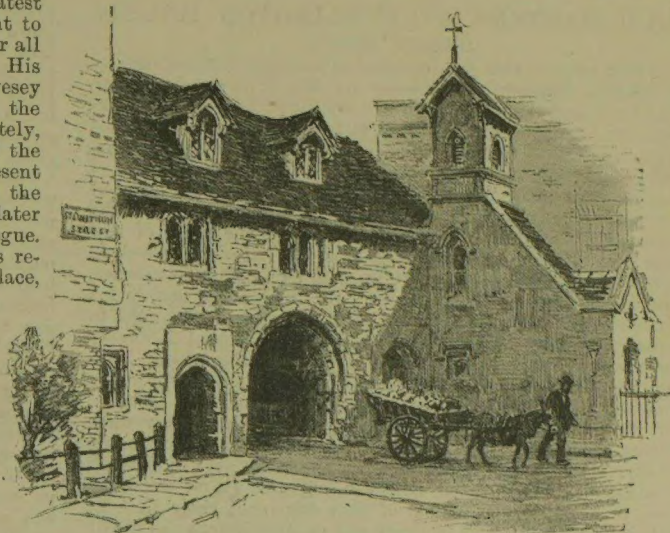


## RAMBLING SKETCHES: WINCHESTER.

The ancient capital of the Kingdom of Wessex, the English or Saxon Kingdom which absorbed the Heptarchy and which was the origin of the existing realm, is venerable in our national history; the city of Egbert, of Athelstan, and of Alfred, is not less associated with early Royalty than London or Westminster; and it preserved a dignity more than provincial under the Norman and first Plantagenet reigns. Yet it is a quiet little town, seated on its hill above the clear-flowing Itchen, in the pleasant country of Hampshire, sixty-six miles from London on the old road to Southampton, from which it is distant twelve miles, and claiming present regard more for its noble Cathedral, and its great College or Public

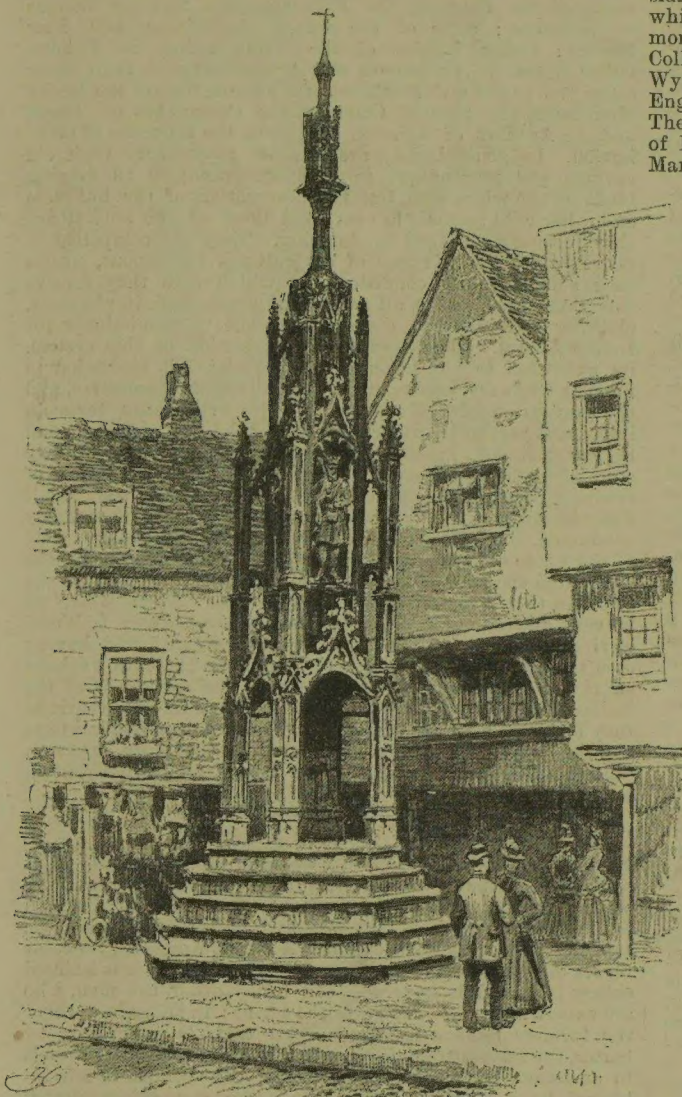
School, than for its old historical renown. Its greatest prosperity was due to the policy of Henry I., who sought to conciliate his Saxon subjects by affecting a predilection for all that had existed in the time of Edward the Confessor. His nephew, the great Bishop Henry of Blois, built Wolvesey Castle for his own residence, Winchester Castle being the abode of the King. These Norman edifices, strong and stately, stood till the Civil Wars of Charles I.; the great Hall of the King's Castle, with Gothic additions, remains as the present County Hall, containing a round table inscribed with the names of King Arthur's Knights, possibly dating from a later period when revived fashions of chivalry were in vogue. Charles II., at the Restoration, had a notion of sometimes residing at Winchester, and commenced the building of a palace, which is now the Royal Barracks. Other architectural monuments of antiquity, besides the Cathedral and the College, which perpetuates the munificence of William of Wykeham, a great prelate and a great Chancellor of England, are found in the town and neighbourhood. There are few vestiges of the Saxon time; but the site of Hyde Abbey, founded by King Alfred, and of St. Mary's Abbey, founded by his Queen, can be identified, as well as those of less ancient monasteries. The memory of St. Swithin, concerning whose body and its attempted removal to another place of interment, which was prevented by forty days' rain, there was a curious legend which has given rise to a familiar proverb, is kept alive by the name of one of the parish churches. The elegant stone cross, 43 ft. high, which adorns the High-street, with the adjacent covered piazza called the "Penthouse," is a compensation for the modern aspect of the handsome and commodious Guildhall. Of the old city walls and four gates, only the West Gate has survived the ravages and changes of centuries of time. The city has no longer, as it once had, the busy aspect of a great mart of commerce, the chief seat of the wool trade, but is a thriving agricultural market town, and a centre of county business. In its vicinity, which affords tranquil scenes of rural and pastoral beauty, fine hills and a delightful river, an interesting place to visit is the Hospital of St. Cross, founded by Henry of Blois, King Stephen's brother, and further endowed and completed by Cardinal Beaufort in the fifteenth century. Its chapel, St. Faith's, is a fine example of the Transition period of architecture, from the Norman to the Early Pointed style, and the almshouses, as well as those of St. John, remind us of "The Warden," one of the best stories written by Anthony Trollope.

Our Rambling Artist's Sketches are of picturesque

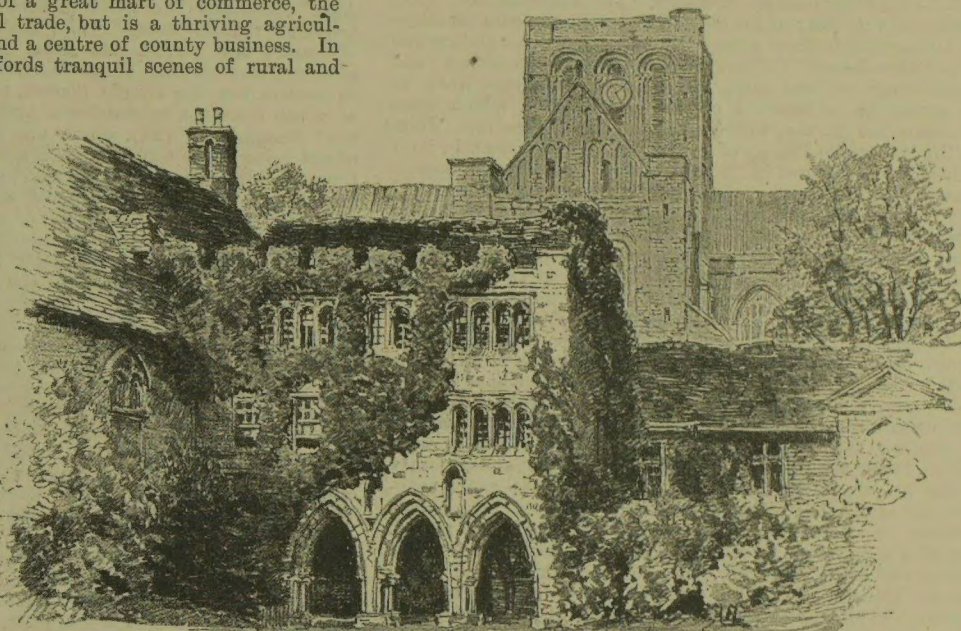


ST. SWITHIN'S CHURCH.

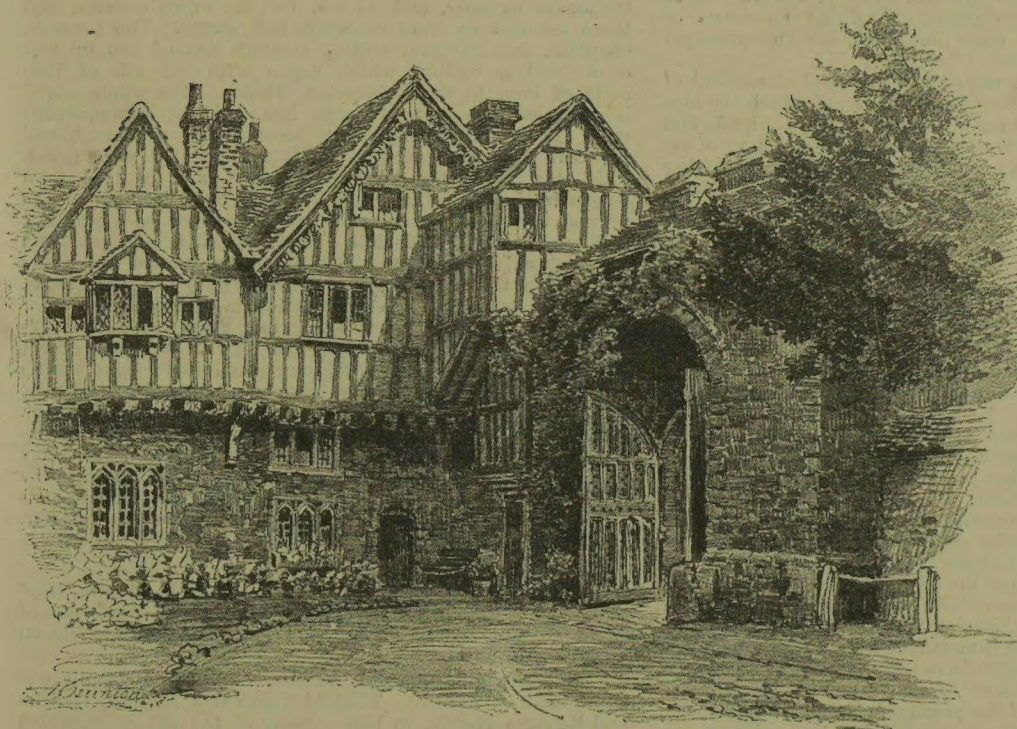
in the stately Cathedral, and in the adjacent buildings and work of Winchester School, but extended his bounties to Oxford, where he founded New College. Indeed, the University owes much to the Bishops of Winchester; Fox, in 1516, having instituted the College of Corpus Christi, while Waynflete had previously, in 1458, founded Magdalen College. Winchester College is the oldest of English public schools,



THE CITY CROSS.



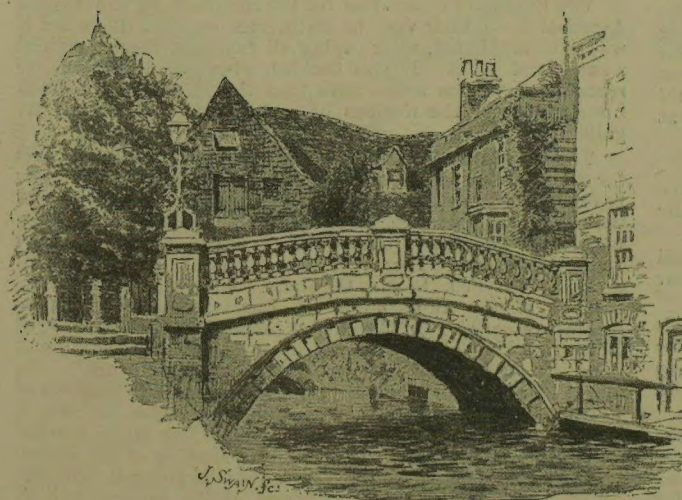
THE DEANERY AND CATHEDRAL.



THE CLOSE GATE.

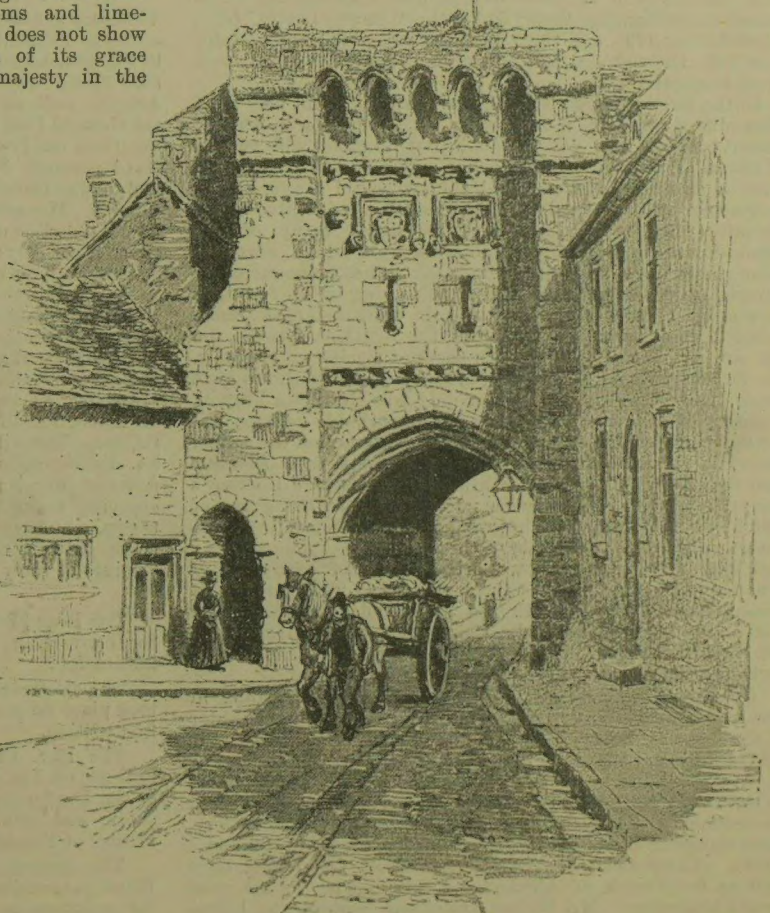
bits of the old town or city; the Cross and the West Gate, especially, bear witness to its ancient dignity. But he also gives us a view of the Close, or ecclesiastical precinct, and one of the Deanery, with the Cathedral rising behind it. The Cathedral, best seen in approaching it through the avenue of elms and lime-trees, does not show much of its grace and majesty in the

having been founded by William of Wykeham in 1396; Eton was founded in 1442 by King Henry VI., and its first headmaster was William of Waynflete, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. The original Winchester College buildings remained till 1687, when the great schoolroom was erected, and was furnished with its quaint benches and "scoles," antiquated laws, and formidable motto, *Aut disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia cædi*, decorated with the emblems of a mitre and crosier, a sword, an inkhorn, mathematical instruments, and a scourge.



STOKE BRIDGE.

external aspect; its length seems excessive in proportion to the height, with its low Norman tower. But on entering the sacred edifice, we are impressed by the fine Decorated and Perpendicular work skilfully inserted by William of Wykeham, and the stone vaulting constructed by his successors, Cardinal Beaufort and William of Waynflete. A curious feature of the south aisle is the black marble font covered with grotesque figures, placed here by Bishop Wakelin. Amongst numerous mementos of bishops, warriors, and men of note are the Crimean colours of the 97th Regiment, placed near the south-west entrance; the exquisitely sculptured tracery of the Edington chantry, and the chantry dedicated to the memory of William of Wykeham, on the spot where, as a boy, he had attended mass in the Virgin Mary's Chapel. Within this chantry lies a fully-robed effigy of the beneficent Bishop, who not only has left his substantial memorials



THE WEST GATE.



## OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

## SECOND NOTICE.

The first room is this year devoted exclusively to the collection of modern English works made by Mr. T. Horrocks Miller, which are fairly representative of the state of Art in this country between 1825 and 1855. Looked at by our present standard of taste, we can only think what a narrow escape English art had of ever holding up its head again. Under the influence of MacIise, the elder Leslie, Mulready, Webster, and even of Augustus Egg, the study of the human figure seems to have been totally discredited or disregarded. In the place of real men and women we have dolls and lay figures dressed in bright clothes and stuck about in stiff and painful attitudes. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Miller did not do his utmost to obtain the best works of his day, and we ought to be extremely grateful to the Council of the Royal Academy for showing us once more the typical works of its leading members of the last generation. It is only a pity that the experiment could not be pushed a little farther; for we should like to know what would be the verdict of this year's Hanging Committee were these sixty-four works of Mr. Miller's collection sent in as those of "outsiders." It must not be supposed, however, that all are on the same level, or that all the artists of that day spent their time in elaborating "incident" pictures out of Dutch dolls. Two of Turner's most characteristic sea-pieces would alone suffice to redeem the whole collection; for, both in the calm, sunny view of the Scheldt known as "Van Tromp's Shallop" (18), and in the stormy sea beating round the walls of Quillebeuf, we have instances of the artist's magic powers in the mingling of sea and cloud, and in the diffusion of light and haze. Bonington, who at times can hold his own against Turner, is scarcely seen to advantage in his somewhat hard sketch on the "Coast of Picardy" (14); but, on the other hand, the three specimens of J. F. Lewis—the earliest of which, "The Love Missive" (31), marks the very year of his abandoning water colours for oils—are among the choicest gems of the collection. This picture and "The Coffee-Bearer" (32) are distinctly Oriental in subject; and Lewis brings to bear upon the colour and minute work of the accessories an amount of care and research which bears witness to the growing influence of the Pre-Raphaelites. John Phillip, otherwise Phillip of Spain, belongs to a slightly later period, and his figures in "The Huff" (11) are natural, though somewhat oppressed by their rich clothing. A "luscious" Etty, "The Bather" (28); two or three slight works by Sir Edwin Landseer, and a "Dutch Calm" (24), by E. W. Cooke, about exhaust the list of pictures destined to survive except as warnings to future students of art and art-history.

It is, under these circumstances, with more than usual pleasure we welcome the revival of the exhibitions of Turner drawings, which this year are full of interest. One side of the room is devoted to a series of sketches—fifty-one in number—made by Turner during a fortnight's trip up the Rhine in 1819. It is scarcely possible to credit the story, as related; but it rests upon unimpeachable testimony. But we must be allowed to suppose that many of the more delicate details with which these sketches abound were filled in subsequently to the artist's return to England. This is the more probable as many of them were either worked into large pictures or were otherwise utilised at a later period. The most picturesque spots between Bingerloch and Cologne were seized upon by Turner, who seems to have been at no especial pains to select his point of view. A striking combination of ruin and rock, of mountain and cloud, of water and sky, was sufficient to arrest him as he walked along the then single road which followed the left bank of the river. It is difficult to select any particular sketch as more characteristic than another, but amongst the most beautiful are "Rüdesheim" (28) under a cloudy but clearing sky; "Rheinfels" (49), looking across the river to the Katsberg; the "Entrance of the Lahn" (56), with the vineyards on the sloping hills; the "Bank of Ehrenbreitstein" (58); and the "Distant View of Cologne" (73).

Of the larger and more finished works of Turner in this room, the majority are known through the "England and Wales" series, and some belong to the Byron illustrations, and were originally engraved in the "Keepsake." Of these, "The Lake of Albano" (20) is one of the most beautiful, and it is made the more interesting by its place next to "The Lake of Nemi" (21), painted after an interval of fourteen years, and thereby illustrating the bent of the artist's mind. "The Falls of the Clyde" (12) is separated by a like interval from "Hardraw Fall" (16); but they show far less difference of treatment and thought than the Italian scenes. Especially beautiful are the "Pembroke Castle" (1807); "Edinburgh" (14) from the banks of a stream which now runs among villas instead of overhanging trees; whilst the "Conway Castle" (15), painted about 1796, and the "Stirling Castle" (8), which dates from 1834, show almost the opening and the close of Turner's direct landscape work.

In the large gallery (No. III.) one end is with very good effect almost exclusively devoted to female portraits. On the present occasion it is not Reynolds but Romney who carries off the palm, although the former's portrait of Mrs. Freeman (140) is as bright and graceful as one would desire, and is interesting when looked at in connection with the lady's portrait (146) by Francis Cotes, to whom many of the pseudo-Reynolds portraits which have obtained currency as originals have been attributed. Cotes has been, curiously enough, called Reynolds's pupil; but in view of the fact that he was only three years his junior in years, and died almost before Reynolds reached his zenith, the relations between the two are not likely to have been those of teacher and scholar. The famous "Warwick" group (145) by Romney shows that artist in his best light; for not only was Henrietta Vernon, Countess of Warwick, a woman of remarkable beauty, but her two children had sufficient grace and attraction to furnish materials for a more ambitious arrangement than Romney used to portray. It is worth while, too, to compare Romney's many-sidedness in dealing with portraiture. In the group of which we are now speaking, we have, in addition to Archdeacon Paley (135), the author of the "Evidences," a thoroughly high and dry ecclesiastic, the portrait (139) of a lady who is thus described by a contemporary biographer: "Trimmer... a devout lady, who has dedicated her slender talents to the instructing from the press the rising generation. Her works are, 'Sacred History,' in four volumes, duodecimo; and a little spelling-book, price sixpence."

On the adjoining wall Romney is seen, if possible, in greater strength. Lady Catherine Paulet (182), a daughter of the Duke of Bolton; Miss Mellon (176), who created the rôle of "Lydia Languish," and afterwards became Duchess of St. Albans; a Lady Hamilton (172), which the original seems to have kept until forced by absolute want to dispose of it; and a fair-haired girl, Miss Sophia Schutz (180), who held, we believe, some appointment about the Court, complete the list of Romney's works. The portrait of Mrs. Thomas Scott (174) may have been an early work of Alexander Ramsay, who, as his most recent biographer—Mr. Walter Armstrong—shows, was, before he knew Reynolds, much under French influence. It is more likely, however, that the original picture—for the

present one is very much repainted—was the work of a pupil of Boucher; whilst the costume, as well as the face, has nothing in common with the Thrale family of Dr. Johnson's period. Of the two portraits of William Duke of Gloucester, that by Gainsborough (150) is unfinished; but Reynolds's (183) conveys without flattery or dissimulation a face which might well have been that of "Silly Billy." The great landscape of the year is, without doubt, Constable's "View on the Stour" (177) looking across the meadows, which are bright under the blue, but cloud-flecked, sky. It is not surprising that a work in which Nature is rendered with such truthful art should have startled the French landscape-painters, who had been gradually sinking deeper and deeper into the pit which Watteau, Lancret, and their feeble imitators had been laboriously digging for so many years. It was the exhibition in Paris of this picture and the "Hay-Wain," a view of the same spot taken from another point, which awoke that French school of Nature of which, in turn, our artists of the present generation have profited—as a comparison between the works in the first room of the present exhibition and those of Mr. Frank Holl show with noteworthy emphasis.

If from this *chef d'œuvre* of the English landscape-painter—who, by-the-way, did not disdain the use of figures in his work—we turn to the collection of the works of Watteau in the adjoining room, we shall be able to estimate roughly the debt due to our countryman. Mr. Alfred De Rothschild, it seems, competes with Sir Richard Wallace as a collector in this phase of French art; but beyond the fact that such works are extremely decorative, one fails to understand their charm. With Watteau, as with Lancret, the figures are either marionettes or Dresden china shepherdesses: beautifully executed, but absolutely unlike anything in real life. An exception may be perhaps made for the children of this school; as, for example, the group in the "Heureux Age" (86), and the little girl and dog in the otherwise artificial "Music Party" (97), both of them belonging to Watteau's best period. His most successful type, however, after all, was not that of the Marquis in full wig or Marquise in *paniers*, but the simple Pierrot, the typical French clown, of which there is a most delicate and harmonious rendering in the "Masquerade" (94), which has the additional advantage of not being set in a blue landscape under blue foliage like a theatrical drop-scene. Of the narrowness of Watteau's powers and of his lack of imagination, "The Garden Party" (91) is a striking instance. It is composed of some half-a-dozen distinct groups, of which it will be seen the lines are practically identical. The painter's academic training would not, for a moment, permit him to violate the canons of his art by the least concession to Nature. If we contrast such a work with Jan Steen's "Grace before Meat" (69), we see how far more attractive truth is, even in an artistic point of view. In every feeling and fibre Watteau was, probably, as sensitive and refined as Jan Steen was the reverse; but when it comes to translating their thoughts on canvas we find one to have been natural and the other artificial. Another quaint and interesting picture by the same artist is "The Doctor" (80), a subject frequently treated by the painters of the Dutch school—of which another rendering, "The Quack Doctor" (132), by D. Teniers, is among the most interesting in the exhibition. The portrait of an old man (129), lent by Mr. Thomas Armstrong, ought to give rise to some interesting discussion—more especially as the coat of arms is almost undoubtedly English—whilst the work is obviously Dutch. The face, which is one of more than ordinary character, while the costume is that of the Elizabethan or early Jacobean period, make it by no means improbable that it may be the portrait of some West-Country worthy, for we believe that the picture was discovered in Devonshire by its present owner. A bright specimen of Metz's clever work, "The Intruder" (128); a wintry landscape by Wouwerman (133); and a minute specimen of Rembrandt's work in the same line (118), are the principal works of the Dutch masters.

We have now passed in review the principal attractions of the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, of which the idea seems to be to instruct the public by the strong contrasts and changes which from time to time are seen in the history of art and of public taste. At one time, it is Rembrandt, displacing his predecessors Teniers, Jan Steen, Hobbema, and, in turn, giving place to the academic school of Watteau and Lancret. At another, it is MacIise and Leslie who set a taste, soon to be detroned by the more manly work of Frank Holl and his friends.

## PROPOSED NEW UNDERGROUND RAILWAY IN LONDON.

A project is under consideration for a new line from Holborn-circus to Piccadilly; and in due course a Bill will be introduced to Parliament authorising the scheme. The promoters' plans (the *Daily News* says) comprise two lines, both starting from Aldgate, and one proceeding along Cheapside to some point near the General Post Office. Thus far, it will be a double-track line; but from the Post Office it will go as a four-track railway westward through Newgate-street, along Holborn, Oxford-street, and Bayswater-road to some point in the extreme west of London. The second line, starting from Aldgate, will be carried as a double line only through the City, Fleet-street, the Strand, along Piccadilly to the Green Park, and thence as a four-track railway to Knightsbridge, Kensington, and Hammersmith. At various points there will be intersecting lines, one of which will run along Shaftesbury-avenue from Oxford-street to Piccadilly. The plans are being prepared for the whole of these lines; but the present purpose of the promoters is limited to Holborn, Oxford-street, and Shaftesbury-avenue, the proposed line terminating, as it has been said, at Holborn-circus in one direction, and Piccadilly-circus in the other. If carried out, this new line will be a novelty in London, in that it will be an electric railway. The complete design is for the laying down of four lines of rail—an up-and-down line outside for stopping trains, and an inner up-and-down line for express trains, which would stop only at important points, and would travel between the City and the extreme west of London at the rate of forty miles an hour.

The Dean of Worcester has promised £100 to the scheme for converting the Worcester Blind College into a public institution.

The elections of candidates for the London County Council took place on Jan. 17, too late for the results to be given in our first edition.

The Rev. Charles Taylor, D.D., Master of St. John's College, on Jan. 10 retired from the office of Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, which he has filled for two years, and was succeeded by the Rev. C. E. Searle, D.D., Master of Pembroke College.

The Surrey Association for the General Welfare of the Blind has received from the Skinners' Company ten guineas for maintenance purposes; and from the Fishmongers' Company twenty-five guineas towards the funds being raised for buying their premises and workshops.

## THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The aboriginal race in all the vast territories of the United States, including the tribes which remain in hostility or practical independence, probably do not now amount to much exceeding two hundred thousand, unless those of Alaska, the extreme northwest peninsula of the continent, be taken into account. Many of the tribes have been induced to give up their wild life and to settle on "reservations" of Indian territory provided by the Federal Government. Among these are the Cherokees, Choctaws, Seminoles, Chickasaws, and Creek Indians, numbering together about 56,000, who have adopted the white man's fashion of dress, live in houses, cultivate the land, and support schools and churches; also many of the Pawnees, the Pottawotamies, and the Omahas of Nebraska; some of the tribes of Arizona and New Mexico; and a portion of the Sioux nation in Dakota. Other tribes, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes with their Sioux allies, the Crows and Blackfeet of Montana, toward the Rocky Mountains, the Utes of Colorado, the Comanches of Texas, and the Apaches of Arizona, still resist the influence of civilisation. In general, they are disposed to preserve their old roving and marauding in territories occupied as grazing lands by the white man, but the destruction of the buffaloes and other wild animals has deprived them of the subsistence they formerly obtained by hunting. They are compelled to retire before the advance of agricultural settlement, unless they submit to its conditions, in which case they receive Government assistance, allowances of grain, seed, implements, clothing and blankets, dispensed by the "Commissioner for Indian Affairs." The regular administration of this system, its extension to the tribes not yet reclaimed, mediation to prevent feuds and quarrels among the Indians themselves, and the prevention of raids on their white neighbours, form an important part of the internal policy of the United States; and its enforcement, in case of need, is secured by military stations which are scattered over thousands of miles of frontier, and give its chief employment to the small Federal Army. On the whole, it is justly and humanely conducted, in spite of the bitter hatred felt by most of the white settlers towards the wild tribes of Indians, whom they often speak of as "pison," and of whose cruel and savage outrages there are terrible memories in the "Great West," of no very ancient date. A correspondent, Mr. Stanley L. Wood, having visited one of the "Indian Reservations," and having seen the Cheyennes at home, contributes the sketches we have engraved, which may be compared with the specimens of the Indian wigwams; the costumes not so romantic or barbaric as they formerly were, as the blanket is now commonly worn; and the mixture of weapons and utensils, that were shown in "Buffalo Bill's" department of the late American Exhibition in London.

## LIFE ON NORFOLK ISLAND.

Norfolk Island—a land with few laws and no taxes—is at present the home of the descendants of the famous mutineers of the Bounty, who were removed thither from Pitcairn Island, when they had increased and multiplied beyond the capacity of that patch of ground. A recent American consular report tells us something of the manner in which this isolated colony lives and is governed. In bad weather the men, who are expert fishermen, cultivate the farms; in suitable weather the farmers become fishermen. All trade is carried on by barter, the island supplying fresh vegetables to passing vessels in exchange for cloths, boat-gear, &c. The island is administered by a chief magistrate and two councillors elected annually by the people. The laws are few and primitive—they could be printed on two sheets of foolscap—but they are sufficient, for there is no crime and no lock-up. The only expenditure is £12 for the chief magistrate's salary, £1 for the court sweeper, and £1 10s. for the signal-master, and these are met by fines on waifs and strays. The surgeon, chaplain, &c., are paid trifling stipends out of the interest of a fund in Sydney which began with the sale of 1000 acres of land to the Melanesian Mission. The whole island is parcelled out into fifty-acre lots, held at a peppercorn rent. The original immigrants received fifty acres each, and for some years each married couple received the same grant. This was reduced to twenty-five acres, and in 1884 Lord Augustus Loftus refused to make any more grants, on the ground that the land already given had not been properly utilised. Since then Norfolk Island has had a land question: although only 400 out of about 4000 acres granted are under cultivation, the islanders resent the stoppage of the grants. The other burning political question is annexation to New South Wales, first proposed about two years ago, but strenuously opposed by the islanders. The import of liquor, except for medical purposes, is absolutely prohibited; there are no Customs duties, no taxes, no revenue, and no expenditure, except what the investment already mentioned is able to meet. The imports include clothing, groceries, and agricultural implements; the exports are oil and wool to Auckland or Sydney and agricultural produce to New Caledonia. Communication is kept up with Auckland by a trading schooner, which calls four times a year; a small Fiji steamer calls once a quarter, and the Mission-vessel twice a year.

Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, M.P., will preside at the 151st anniversary dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain, at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, on Tuesday, March 12.

The cathedral organ at Gloucester, having been rebuilt, was again used on Jan. 10. The old organ was built by Charles and Renatus Harris, in 1666. Many of the old pipes, which are exquisitely ornamented, have been incorporated in the new instrument, and the handsome oak case remains unaltered.

The Executive Committee for the reception of the British Association, on their visit to Bath, met on Jan. 10, when it was announced that, after paying all expenses, there remained a surplus of £950. It was decided, with one dissentient, to recommend to the subscribers that the balance be retained intact to form the nucleus of a fund for building an art gallery in Bath.

The meetings of the Indian section of the Society of Arts for the present session will be six in number, and subjects have been arranged for each evening. The opening lecture will be given on Jan. 25, when Mr. H. H. Johnston will read a paper on "The Trade between East Africa and Persia and India, Past and Present." Sir Frederic Goldsmid will preside. On Feb. 15 Mr. G. Shelton Streeter will give an account of the ruby mines of Burmah, from which he has just returned. On March 8 Professor Robert Wallace, of Edinburgh University, will contribute a paper on "The Present Condition and the Prospects of Indian Agriculture." On March 29 Sir Juland Danvers will lecture on "The Progress of Railways and Trade in India." The fifth paper, on May 3, will be "The Karun River as a Trade Route," by Major-General Sir Murdoch Smith, and the concluding meeting of the session will be held on May 24, when Mr. John M'Dougall will discourse on "Indian Wheats." Several of the lectures will be illustrated by the magic lantern.





Semi-Civilized



A Warrior



Moving



An Indian Belle



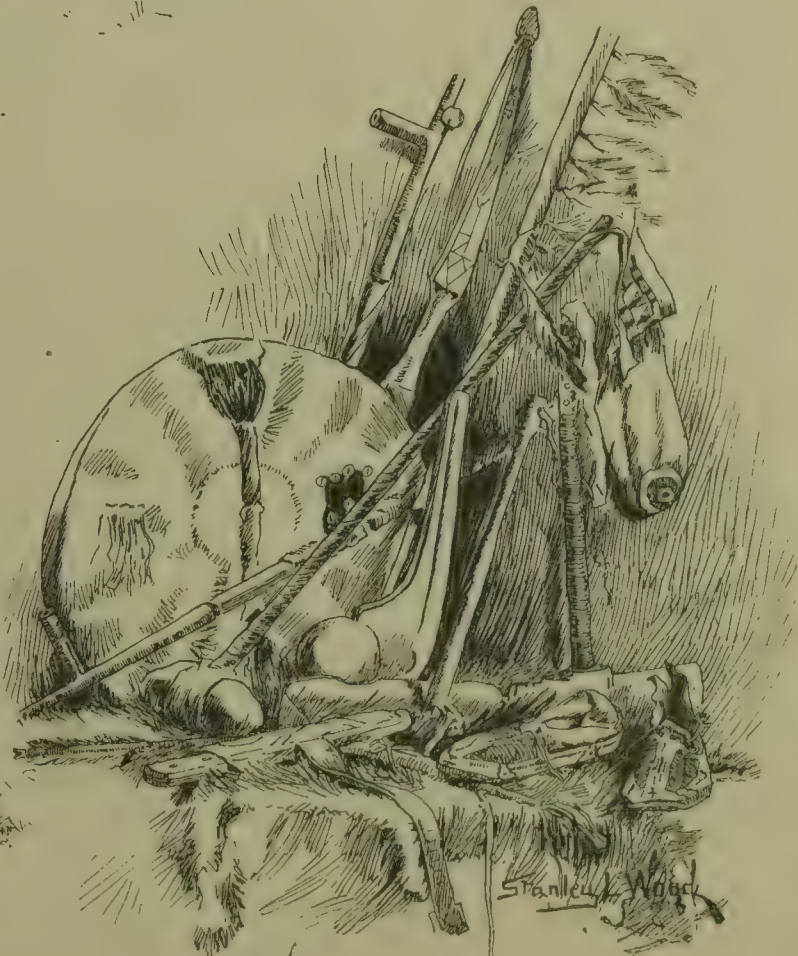
A Cheyenne Chief



Squaw and Papoose



Tepees or Wigwams



Weapons &c



## THE ELIXIR VITÆ.

One of the most fascinating of those morning-dreams of philosophy, which we read of to-day with a certain amount of melancholy feeling, was that of the Elixir Vitæ—the magic potion which would reward its discoverer with the great boon of immortal youth. Let us say what we will of human fortitude and Christian hope, there is something so repellent to humanity in the prospect of death and the grave—except, perhaps, to the agonised mourner, whose heart bleeds for the loss of the beloved, and pines for immediate reunion with them; or to the weary pilgrim, who has found life a banquet of Dead Sea fruit, and turns away in disgust from a continuance of such bitter diet—that the possibility of escaping the inevitable has always had a perilous charm for the imagination. In the dawn-time of science, when it seemed for a while that man would compel Nature to give up her closest secrets, it was, perhaps, not inexcusable that the enthusiastic student should delude himself into the belief that this, too, the rarest and most precious of them, would pass into his possession. Now-a-days, it is not easy to determine how far the pioneers of scientific inquiry deceived or were deceived in some of their excursions into the regions of the unknown; but no long period can have elapsed before even the most sanguine must have been convinced that, whatever other gifts Science might confer upon humanity, that of immortal life she would never bestow, because it was not hers. They might still continue with more or less sincerity their search after the *lapis philosophorum*, which should enable them to transmute the baser metals into gold, and endow them with a boundless potentiality of wealth, for something of the kind might well appear to lie within the range of chemical research. But the elixir of life was not to be brewed by mortal hands, nor tasted by mortal lips. The curse which the seed of Adam inherited—until Christ converted it into a blessing—was not to be evaded by any professor of the Hermetic mysteries or any disciple of the Cabbala. And I believe that the saner and sounder masters of the occult arts made no pretence to the discovery of this life-giving draught; and that it was spoken of as a reality only by the charlatans and quacks who hung upon their skirts and travestied their enigmatical language.

And yet, to no less a personage than Arnold de Villanova, physician, astronomer, and man of learning, is attributed a formula for a rejuvenating compound—a kind of substitute, I suppose, for the elixir—which, one would think, would never have been seriously propounded. Certain am I that he did not “exhibit” it for his own benefit—but, then, it is a tradition of the profession never to take their own drugs!—or that, if he did, it proved about as efficacious as a patent medicine of the Victorian period. By transcribing the recipe here I shall gain a double object, for I shall show the nature of the “remedies” compounded by the mediæval doctors, and afford the reader an opportunity of testing its wonderful properties in his own case. Here it is:—Twice or thrice a week you must rub yourself thoroughly with the manna of cassia; and every night, before going to bed, place over your heart a plaster, composed of a certain quantity (or, rather, *uncertain*, for no definite quantity is anywhere indicated) of Oriental saffron, red rose-leaves, sandal-wood, aloes, and amber, liquefied in oil of roses and the best white wax. During the day this must be kept in a leaden casket (like Portia's portrait). You must also take and pen off in a court where the air is sweet and the water pure, sixteen chickens, if you are of a sanguine temperament; twenty-five, if you are phlegmatic; and thirty, if melancholic. Of these you are to eat one daily, after they have been fattened in such a manner as to absorb into their flesh the qualities which will ensure your longevity. For which purpose, they are first to be kept without food until almost starved, and then gorged with a broth of serpents and vinegar, thickened with wheat and beans, over a period of two months. When they are served at table you will drink with them, to assist digestion, a moderate quantity of white wine or claret—I should think it would be needed!

But if this so-called elixir vitæ had really existed, *cui bono*? Whom would it have benefited? and how? It must necessarily have been confined to the hands of the few; and, indeed, the Rosicrucians taught that before a man could be worthy of it, he must have undergone a moral lustration such as, I fear, our fallen humanity could seldom be capable of! The San Graal itself was not more arduous in its quest, nor did it impose upon those who sought it a more complete triumph over the passions—a more entire abnegation of self. “It is fit,” says Tristram, “that we who endeavour to rise to an elevation so sublime, should study first to leave behind carnal affections, the frailty of the senses, the passions that belong to matter; secondly, to learn by what means we may ascend to the climax of pure intellect, united with the powers above, without which never can we gain the lore of secret things, nor the magic that effects true wonders.” These are conditions, O Tristram, that no ordinary mortals could fulfil! But if haply here and there some exceptional minds had achieved the task, how solitary would they have felt! And what must have been their anguish when they saw their friends falling away from them, like autumn leaves—their kindred, the wife of their bosom, the children of their loins—while they still lingered on and on in everwidening solitude! I can conceive of nothing more terrible than this outliving of all one's affections, one's hopes, one's nearest and dearest ties. No: the elixir of life must have proved a curse; and those who had drunk of it would have thrown themselves on their knees before Heaven and prayed, in their dreadful loneliness, that the fatal gift might be taken from them, and they allowed to share the “common lot.”

After all, one may almost venture to say that life is as long, or as short, as one chooses to make it. A certain measure of longevity, the doctors tell us, may be secured by observance of hygienic and sanitary laws; but the particular recipe I have in my mind is simply that of letting no single moment run to seed. We shorten our lives, most of us, by wasting the odd quarters of an hour. Others, by expending their time on things which yield nothing in return. There are men who live to be octogenarians; and yet their years of real life may be counted on one's fingers. Amiable Bernard Barton wrote verses at eighty; and Keats died at twenty-five, after enriching our literature with “Endymion,” “Hyperion,” “Ode to a Grecian Urn,” and other immortal poems. Who doubts but that Keats enjoyed much the longer, larger, and fuller life of the two? Wolfe fell on the Heights of Abraham at the age of thirty-three; but had he not lived longer, because for a higher object, than many a drunken private in his battalions who escaped the chances of shot and steel, and sheltered his grey hairs in the village workhouse? The true elixir vitæ is the resolution to do one's duty. Yes; love of duty is the chief ingredient in the magic potion, but it will be none the worse for an infusion of cheerfulness, a tincture of contentment, and a decoction of patience. The cup of healing thus skilfully compounded will make old men young, preserve the youthfulness of youth, and ensure to all who partake of it that supreme length of life which is measured by good work well done, by high aims successfully realised, and by honest purpose victoriously carried out.

W. H. D.-A.

## CLEOPATRA:

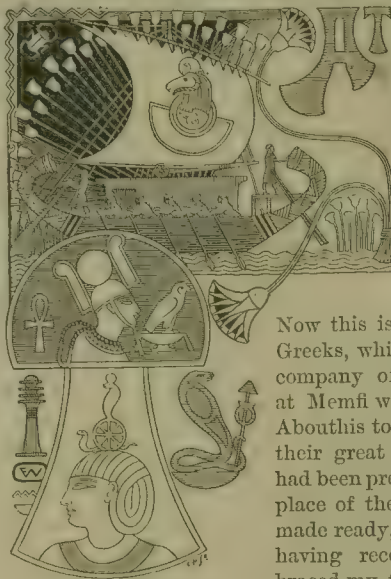
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE  
OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS  
SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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## CHAPTER IV.

OF THE DEPARTURE OF HARMACHIS AND OF HIS MEETING  
WITH HIS UNCLE SEPA, THE HIGH PRIEST OF ON;  
OF HIS LIFE AT ON, AND OF THE WORDS OF SEPA.



the dawning of the next day I was awakened by a priest of the Temple who brought word to me to make ready for the journey whereof my father had spoken, inasmuch as there was an occasion for me to pass down the river to Annu el Ra. Now this is the Heliopolis of the Greeks, whither I should go in the company of some priests of Ptah at Memfi who had come hither to About this to lay the body of one of their great men in the tomb that had been prepared near the resting-place of the blessed Osiris. So I made ready, and the same evening, having received letters and embraced my father and those about the Temple who were dear to me, I passed down to the banks of Sihor and we sailed with the south wind. As the pilot stood upon the prow and with a rod in his hand bade the sailor-men loosen the stakes wherewith the vessel was moored to the banks, the old wife, Atoua, hobbled up, her basket of simples in her hand, and calling out her farewell, threw a sandal after me for good chance, which sandal I kept for many years. And so we sailed, and for six days passed down the wonderful river, making fast each night at some convenient spot. But when I lost sight of the familiar things that I had seen day by day since I had eyes to see, and found myself alone among strange faces, I felt very sore at heart, and would have wept had I not been ashamed. And of all the wonderful things I saw I will not write here, for though they were new to me, have they not been known to men since such time as the Gods ruled in Egypt? But the priests who were with me showed me no little honour and expounded to me what were the things I saw. And on the morning of the seventh day we came to Memfi, the city of the White Wall. Here, for three days I rested from my journey and was entertained of the priests of the wonderful Temple of Ptah the Creator, and shown the beauties of the great and marvellous city. Also was I led in secret by the High Priest and two others into the holy presence of the God Apis, the Ptah who deigns to dwell among men in the form of a bull. The God was black, and on his forehead there was a white square, and on his back was a white mark shaped like an eagle, and beneath his tongue was the likeness of a scarabæus, and in his tail were double hairs, and between his horns was a plate of pure gold. I entered the place of the God and worshipped while the High Priest and those with him stood aside and earnestly watched. And when I had worshipped, saying the words which had been told unto me, the God knelt, and lay down before me. And then the High Priest and those with him, who, as I heard in aftertime, were great men of Upper Egypt, approached wondering, and, saying no word, made obeisance to me because of the omen. And many other things I saw in Memfi that are too long to write of here.

On the fourth day came some priests of Annu to lead me unto Sepa, my uncle, the High Priest of Annu. So, having bid farewell to those of Memfi, we crossed the river and rode on asses two parts of a day's journey through many villages, which we found in great poverty because of the oppression of the tax-gatherers. Also, as we went, I for the first time saw the great pyramids that are beyond the image of the God Horemku (the Sphinx) and the temples of the Divine Mother Isis, Queen of the Memnonia, and the God Osiris, Lord of Rosaton, of which Temples, together with the Temple of the worship of the Divine Menka-ra, I, Harmachis, am by right Divine the Hereditary High Priest. I saw them and marvelled at their greatness and at the white carved limestone and red granite of Syene, that flashed the sun's rays back to heaven. But at this time I knew naught of the treasure that was hid in Her, which is the third among the Pyramids—would I had never known of it!

And so at last we came within sight of Annu, which after Memfi hath been seen is no large town, but stands on raised ground, before which are lakes fed by a canal. Behind the town is the great temenos (inclosure) of the Temple of the God Ra.

At the pylon we dismounted, and beneath the portico were we met by a man not great of growth, but of noble aspect, having his head shaven, and with dark eyes that twinkled like the further stars.

“Hold!” he cried in a large voice that fitted his weak body but ill. “Hold! I am Sepa, who opens the mouth of the Gods!”

“And I,” I said, “am Harmachis, son of Amenemhat, Hereditary High Priest and Ruler of the Holy City About this; and I bear letters to thee, O Sepa!”

“Enter,” he said. “Enter!” scanning me all the while with his twinkling eyes. “Enter, my son!” And he took me and led me to a chamber in the inner hall close to the door; and then, having glanced at the letters that I brought, he of a sudden fell upon my neck and embraced me.

“Welcome!” he cried, “welcome, son of my own sister, and hope of Khem! Not in vain have I prayed the Gods that I might live to look upon thy face and impart to thee the wisdom, that perchance I alone have mastered, of those who are left alive in Egypt. Few there are whom it is lawful that I should teach. But thine is the great destiny, and thine shall be the ears to hear the lessons of the Gods.”

And once more he embraced me and bade me go and bathe

and eat, saying that on the morrow he would speak with me further.

And of a truth he did, and at such length that I will forbear to set down all he said both then and afterwards, for if I did so there would be no papyrus left in Egypt when the task was ended. Therefore, having much to tell and perchance but little time to tell it, will I pass over the events of the years that followed.

For this was the manner of my life. I rose early, I attended the worship of the temple, and I gave my days to study. I learnt of the rites of religion and their significance, and of the beginning of the Gods and the beginning of the Upper World. I learnt of the mystery of the movements of the stars, and of how the earth rolls on among them. I was instructed in that ancient knowledge which is called magic, and in the way of interpretation of dreams, and of the drawing nigh to God. I was taught the language of symbols and the outer and the inner secrets thereof. I became acquainted with the eternal laws of good and evil, and with the mystery of that trust which is held of man; also I learnt the secrets of the pyramids which I would that I had never known. Further, I read the records of the past, and of the acts and words of the ancient kings who were before me since the rule of Horus upon earth; and I was made to learn all craft of state, the lore of earth, and with it the records of Greece and Rome. Also I learnt the Grecian and the Roman tongues, of which indeed I already had some knowledge—and all this while, even for five years, I kept my hands clean and my heart pure, and did no evil in the sight of God or man; but laboured heavily to acquire all things, and to prepare myself for the destiny that awaited me.

Twice every year came greetings and letters from my father Amenemhat, and twice every year I sent back my answers asking if the time had come to cease from labour. And so the days of my probation sped away till I grew faint and weary at heart, for, being now a man, ay and learned, I longed to make a beginning of the life of men. And oftentimes I wondered if this talk and prophecy of the things there were to be was but a dream born of the brains of men whose wish ran before their thought. I was, indeed, of the Royal blood, that I knew: for my uncle, Sepa the Priest, showed me the secret record of the descent, traced without break from father unto son, and graven in mystic symbols upon a tablet of the stone of Syene. But of what avail was it to be Royal by right when Egypt, my heritage, was a slave—a slave to do the pleasure and minister to the luxury of the Macedonian Lagidæ—ay, and when she had been so long a serf that, perchance, she had forgot how to put off the servile smile of bondage and once more to look across the world with Freedom's glorious eyes?

And then I bethought me of my prayer upon the pylon tower of About this and of the answer to my prayer, and wondered if that, too, were a dream.

And one night as, weary with study, I walked within the sacred grove that is in the temenos of the Temple, and thought such thoughts as these, I met my uncle Sepa, who also was walking and thinking.

“Hold!” he cried in his great voice; “why is thy face so sad, Harmachis? Hath the last problem that we studied overwhelmed thee?”

“Nay, my uncle,” I answered, “I am overwhelmed indeed, but not of the problem: it was a light one. My heart is heavy within me, for I am weary of life within these cloisters, and the piled-up weight of knowledge crushes me. It is of no avail to store up force which cannot be used.”

“Ah, thou art impatient, Harmachis,” he answered; “it is ever the way of foolish youth. Thou wouldst taste of the battle; thou dost weary of watching the breakers fall upon the shore, thou wouldst plunge therein and venture the desperate hazard of the war. And so thou wouldst be going, Harmachis? The bird would fly the nest as, when they are grown, the swallows fly from beneath the eaves of the Temple. Well, it shall be as thou desirest; the hour is at hand. I have taught thee all that I have learned, and methinks that the pupil hath outrun his master,” and he paused and wiped his bright black eyes, for he was very sad at the thought of my departure.

“And whither shall I go, my uncle?” I asked, rejoicing; “back to About this to be initiated in the mysteries of the Gods?”

“Ay, back to About this, and from About this to Alexandria, and from Alexandria to the throne of thy fathers, O Harmachis! Listen, now; things are thus. Thou knowest how Cleopatra, the Queen, fled into Syria when that false Eunuch Pothinus set the will of Aulètes at naught and raised her brother Ptolemy to the sole lordship of Egypt. Thou knowest also how she came back, like a Queen indeed, with a great army in her train, and lay at Pelusium, and how at this juncture the mighty Caesar, that great man, that greatest of all men, sailed with a weak company hither to Alexandria from Pharsalia's bloody field in hot pursuit of Pompey. But he found Pompey already dead, having been basely murdered by Achilles, the General, and Lucius Septimius, the chief of the Roman legions in Egypt, and thou knowest how the Alexandrians were troubled at his coming and would have slain his lieutenants. Then, as thou hast heard, Caesar seized Ptolemy, the young King, and his sister Arsinoë, and bade the army of Cleopatra and the army of Ptolemy, under Achilles, which lay facing each other at Pelusium, disband and go their ways. And for answer Achilles marched on Caesar, and besieged him straitly in the Bruchium at Alexandria, and so, for a while, things were, and none knew who should reign in Egypt. But then Cleopatra took up the dice, and threw them, and this was the throw she made—in truth, it was a bold one. For, leaving the army at Pelusium, she came at dusk to the harbour of Alexandria, and alone with the Sicilian Apollodorus entered and landed. Then did Apollodorus bind her in a bale of rich rugs, such as are made in Syria, and sent the rugs as a present to Caesar. And when the rugs were unbound in the palace, behold! within them was the fairest girl on all the earth—ay, and the most witty and the most learned. And she seduced the great Caesar—even his weight of years did not avail to protect him from her charms—so that, as a fruit of his folly, he wellnigh lost his life, and all the glory he had gained in a hundred wars.”

“The fool!” I broke in—“the fool! Thou callest him great; but how can the man who hath no strength to stand against a woman's wiles be truly great? Caesar, with the world hanging on his word! Caesar, at whose breath forty legions marched and changed the fate of peoples! Caesar the cold! the far-seeing! the hero!—Caesar to fall like a ripe fruit into a false girl's lap! Why, in the issue, of what common clay was this Roman Caesar, and how poor a thing!”

But Sepa looked at me and shook his head. “Be not so rash, Harmachis, and talk not with so proud a voice. Knowest thou not that in every suit of mail there is a joint, and woe to him who wears it if the sword should search it out! For woman, in her weakness, is yet the strongest force upon the earth. She is the helm of all things human; she comes in many shapes and knocks at many doors; she is quick and patient, and her passion is not ungovernable like that of man, but as a gentle steed that she can guide even where she will, and as occasion offers can now bit up and now give rein. She



hath a captain's eye, and strong must be the fortress of the heart wherein she finds no place of vantage. Both thy blood beat fast in youth: she will outrun it, nor will her kisses tire. Art thou set toward ambition? she will unlock thy inner heart, and show thee secret roads that lead to glory. Art thou worn and weary? she hath comfort in her breast. Art thou fallen? she can lift thee up, and to the illusion of thy sense gild defeat with triumph. Ay, Harmachis, these things she can do, for Nature ever fights upon her side; and the while she does them she can deceive and shape a

secret end in which thou hast no part. And thus woman rules the world. For her are wars; for her men spend their strength in gathering gains; for her they do well and ill, and seek for greatness and find forgetfulness. And all the while she sits like yonder Sphinx, and smiles; and no man hath ever read all the riddle of her smile, or known all the mystery of her heart. Mock not! mock not! Harmachis: for strong indeed must he be who can defy the power of woman, which, pressing round him like the general air, is oftentimes most present when the senses least discover it."

I laughed aloud. "Thou speakest earnestly, O my uncle Sepa," I said; "almost might one think that thou hadst not come unscathed through this fierce fire of temptation. Well, for myself, I fear not woman and all her wiles: naught know I of them, and naught do I wish to know; and I still hold that this Cæsar was a fool. Had I stood where Cæsar stood, to cool its wantonness that bale of rugs should have been rolled adown the palace steps, even into the harbour mud." "Nay, cease! cease!" he cried aloud. "Evil is it to speak thus, and may the Gods avert the omen and preserve to thee



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

*"And all the while she sits like yonder Sphinx, and smiles; and no man hath ever read all the riddle of her smile."*

this cold strength whereof thou boastest! O man, thou knowest not!—thou in thy strength and beauty that is without compare, in the power of thy learning and the sweetness of thy tongue—thou knowest not! The world where thou must mix is not a sanctuary as that of the divine Isis. But there—it may be so! Pray that thy heart's ice may never melt, so shalt thou be great and happy and Egypt be delivered. And now let me take up my tale—thou seest, Harmachis, even in so grave a story woman claims her place. The young Ptolemy, Cleopatra's brother, being loosed of Cæsar, treacherously turned on him. Thereon Cæsar and Mithridates stormed the camp of Ptolemy, who took to flight across the river. But

his boat was sunk by the fugitives who pressed upon it, and such was the miserable end of Ptolemy.

"Thereon, the war being ended, Cæsar appointed the younger Ptolemy to rule with Cleopatra, and he, in name, her husband, though she had but then borne him a son, Cæsarion, and he himself departed for Rome, bearing with him the beautiful Princess Arsinoë to follow his triumph in her chains. But the great Cæsar is no more. He died as he had lived, in blood, and right royally. And but now hath Cleopatra, the Queen, if my tidings may be trusted, slain Ptolemy, her brother and her husband, by poison, and taken the child Cæsarion to be her fellow on the throne, which she holds

by the help of the Roman legions, and, as they say, of young Sextus Pompeius, who hath succeeded Cæsar in her love. But, Harmachis, the whole land boils and seethes against her. In every city the children of Khem talk of the deliverer who is to come—and thou art he, O Harmachis! Almost is the time ripe. The hour is nigh at hand. Go thou back to Abouthis and learn the last secrets of the Gods, and meet those who shall direct the bursting of the storm. And then act, Harmachis—act, I say, and strike home for Khem, and rid the land of the Roman and the Greek, and take thy place upon the throne of thy divine fathers and be a King of men. For unto this end wast thou born, O Prince!"

(To be continued.)



## THE OLD HOME.

It is impossible to think of the old home as empty, swept, and garnished, standing ready for a new tenant. Surely it must resent its desertion; surely it can never be to anyone else all it has been to us for over thirty long eventful years! Before it passes away quite into other hands let us once more climb the flight of steps down which we trotted as children, ran as boys and girls eager for our first dances, walked slowly and reluctantly to our weddings—because we felt we were breaking away in some measure from the dear old place—and down which finally we went, sorrowfully indeed, following her with whom went the luck—the Mascotte of the house—to her last long sweet sleep. For, pausing here for an instant, we realise that had she still been left to us, this breaking up of the old home had never been. But these are things on which no one can meditate dry-eyed, and we refuse to contemplate what might have been, resolutely looking instead into the calm, cold, cruel face of "what is and must be," and so taking our last look of what is indeed a storehouse of memories. Already the alterations have begun—improvements, the builder calls them, little thinking what an arrow his words wing straight to our hearts!—and the wall is down and a great window opened into the very passage that was once fraught with so much terror to us all!

As the red baize door swings to with the well-remembered thud, we once more gaze terror-stricken over our shoulders, as we feel once again the well-known abject fright that used to seize us as we rushed down there after dark to fetch the glasses our father always used to forget—it seemed to us, for our especial torment.

Once more the shrouded lay-figure in the painting-room—where no painting will ever be done again—is the long-expected ghost; and once more our knees are beginning to fail, when the builder points out another ruthless "improvement," and tells us what was the old name for the room—tells us, who have known it ever since we sat there on a most ordinary chair and knew that our juvenile legs were at least a quarter of a yard off the floor, so small, so very small, were we. The ghost fades away at once at his commonplace words, and with rage in our very souls, we follow him to see his other proposed improvements.

Here is the tiny room—the library, he says consequentially—where lessons used to go on when we were very, very little. Where, from a tall cupboard in the corner, the glass doors of which are still lined with the same crackling green lining, faded into regular lines of colour, we have filched many and many a bunch of fat, luscious raisins, and where, after our grand new school-room was built, the family library of books was kept, and where we read every single word of them all, before we were sixteen; and where Dickens and Thackeray—great masters, unto whom there is none like in these days—were "familiar in our mouths as household words," and where we made the acquaintance of many a hero and heroine not quite so good for us, perhaps, as were those of the great writers, but yet who never did us any harm.

Ah! we do not need the builder to tell us all this. He cannot see what we see, as we pause for a moment and feel again the thrill of real misery that was ours one Christmas Eve, when a friend of our mother's, carelessly handing his coat to the maid here, in preparation for the annual festivities, said Thackeray had died that morning and we knew he would never write us any more books! He cannot see the glamour cast by the real presence here of Charles Dickens himself; or hear the cheery laugh of Shirley Brooks as he rushed in on our retreat, and desired to know when we, too, were to complete our share in the literature of those days!

Oh! builder, pore over thy plans, complacently smiling thereat, but leave us to our sore hearts and our thousand-and-one memories!

Down these stairs you propose so jauntily to rend apart and treat much in the very way we often ourselves thought of doing, but which is agony to know others will do, we remember coming slowly, looking back to see if the lower hem of our frock was long enough to touch the step behind; over them we hung in breathless awe to see the Queen ascend our front steps and walk proudly along our passage, our pretty young aunt acting parlour-maid, in cap and apron, so as to get a really good view of her gracious Sovereign; and from the very top how often have we looked at the celebrities of this last generation—all dead now—go into dinner, rushing down again as the door fell to on the last train, so as to be in time to share in the dinner, outside the real festivities!

Surely the ghosts of all who once were here must resent that our home is passing away from us into other hands. Surely, surely, they too must wander as we wander up and down, thinking their thoughts and remembering, as we do, the intense flow of life, the flash of wit, the wonderful talk that rang through these chambers, and which we can never, never forget! Surely, too, the house itself is suffering speechlessly from the change! The empty windows look at us almost reproachfully, and the echoing walls seem to sigh as we pass, because they know those good old days can never be again!

How can they? A smug, active painter is dashing out with bold hand the marks of all our heights on the nursery door—whistling as he obliterates the name of one whose last measurements were taken for a coffin, and whose dark, beautiful eyes will never meet ours any more—whistling as our own height goes and that of one youngster who died, too, over in yonder corner, where another hand is tearing off the paper—soiled and wretched enough now, but once chosen in full family conclave, when high-art was in its cradle and we scarcely knew whether we liked the new ideas or not—and even the very dining-room is twisted round and changed, until we can hardly tell where our father used to sit, in the good old days that are ours only now in memory!

But that same memory, like a flash, brings back his face as he puts his key into his writing-case, twisting it round suddenly and bringing forth the cheque-book, where, as it seemed to us, money grew, to pay for the first wedding-cake, wondering, impatiently enough, with a merry glint in his eye, whether he would ever have to do a similar act again: it brings back again the face of the kindest and best of all, whom we never really knew until she had gone beyond our knowledge; and brings back, too, our youth, our love, our hope, and, thank Heaven for it! that faith, which died suddenly one sad, dreadful day, with which our old home has now nothing to do. The builder is beginning to think us a little tiresome; we feel sure he sees we cannot approve of the notions he mentions as so excellent, of doing away with what he calls the "grape-house," but which we knew as a conservatory, which we saw built stone by stone, and the possession of which was to us as a patent of nobility—where we first learned our love for flowers, and what was ever—speak it low—an excellent corner for a quiet talk—maybe, even, flirtation. We don't want to know that our nurseries will never be nurseries any more, but a gorgeous suite of rooms for the older members of the new family; we only want to learn it all over again as it used to be—as it can never be any more—and then we will gather one leaf from the ivy we ourselves planted five-and-thirty years ago, and keep that only as a

talisman which shall raise up at will the remembrance, sharp and clear as an etching, of the dear, dear place.

Good-bye, worthy improving-builder, shrugging your shoulders as we go out into the busy streets! After all, you cannot know all you have done and are still about to do; and we think, as we go on our way, that we are sorriest of all for the house itself, for it must resent—nay, is resenting—our desertion, and is wondering if ever it can be as once it has been; while we have only to shut our eyes for a moment and from garret to basement, from corner to corner, we can reproduce at will each tone, each memory, each picture, inseparable from our very being, and which build up for us in a moment our dear old home.

J. E. PANTON.

## HERALDIC LEGENDS.

Heraldry has been somewhat harshly described as "the science of fools," and in this material, *cui bono* age of ours the student of "the gentle art" is regarded in the light of a dreamer, who had far better be spending his time at some useful occupation, instead of filling his head with a lot of dry, uninteresting stuff, wrapped up in a jargon of unintelligible names. Without taxing the patience of such critics too severely, and without forcing upon them any of the irritating terms of heraldry, I venture to think that I shall be able to show that there lurks in this dry "science of fools" much that it is interesting and profitable to know.

For the lover of history heraldry must ever possess a special charm, for by its aid he is able, in the narrow compass of a coat-of-arms, to read at a glance a record that would fill many pages; while to the lover of biography the history of a family can be learned from a painted window or the emblazoned panel of a carriage-door.

Thus, in the crest of the Dudleys we see depicted "a woman's head with a helmet thereon and hair dishevelled," rising out of a coronet. The device is striking, but it has a history too, for the head is that of the fair Agnes, only daughter of Hotot of Clapton and heiress to his vast estates. Skilled in hunting and hawking, she even took part in the tournaments and jousts of arms held in her father's tilting-yard, where few could withstand her, as, with lance in rest, she rode against her adversary. A dispute having arisen between old Hotot and one Ringsdale as to which of the two was rightful owner of some lands, it was decided that they should settle their difference by single combat; but on the appointed day gout seized on Hotot, who knew that if he did not fight he might be looked upon as a craven, and would certainly by his non-appearance lose all right to the land he claimed. Racked with pain, and quite *hors de combat*, old Hotot bewailed his lot, and poured his forebodings into the sympathetic ears of his daughter, Agnes, who, to his joy, bade him be of good cheer, as she knew of a champion who would meet and overthrow the hateful Ringsdale. Agnes had no lack of suitors, and her old father guessed that one of these, for her sake, had promised to do battle in his cause. The eventful day arrived, and the two combatants, clad from head to foot in armour, their visors down, met with terrific shock, and Ringsdale was unhorsed. His opponent dismounted, sword in hand, and challenged him to fight it out on foot; but Ringsdale, half-stunned and disabled, had had enough, and owned himself vanquished. Then his adversary's visor was suddenly raised, and disclosed, not Hotot's wrinkled brow or the bearded chin of any knight, but the laughing face, the bright blue eyes of Agnes, called "the Fair"! Then she rode back to her sire, who was anxiously awaiting the news of how the fight had gone, little dreaming that his beloved daughter had been one of the combatants. Cries of joy, mingled with words of fond reproach, came from the lips of the delighted father, the now undoubted master of the disputed lands. One of the gallant Dudleys wooed and won Agnes the Fair, and in grateful remembrance of her noble deed you still may see depicted in the Dudley arms that smiling face and flowing hair which met the astonished gaze of the defeated Ringsdale when his adversary lifted her visor up.

The crest of the Eyres is a leg and thigh clad in armour, and the story goes that at the battle of Hastings William of Normandy was unhorsed, and his helmet beaten so close to his face that he could not breathe. One of the Duke's followers, Truelove by name, pulled off the helmet and set his master on his horse again. "Truelove, to thee I owe the air I breathe," said the Duke. "Some of the best of England's lands I'll give to thee, and thou henceforth shall bear the name of Air." After the battle had been lost and won, William sent for his preserver; but answer was brought back that the valiant knight was lying on the field, his leg cut off above the knee. William ordered him to be carefully tended. The gallant Truelove, now Sir Air or Eyre, recovered, and the King kept his word, as the broad acres in Derbyshire testify, and the ancestral home of the Eyres is called Hove, because the knight had hope in the last extremity, while that leg and thigh in armour cut off on the field of Senlac remains the crest of the Eyre family to this day.

In the arms of the Lockharts we see the painting of a man's heart and a lock with chain, known as a "fetterlock." The heart upon the shield is that of Scotland's King—Robert Bruce—who, dying, begged his faithful followers to see that his heart should be buried near the Holy Sepulchre. To Lord Douglas and Sir Simon Locard, of Lee, was the precious casket containing the King's heart confided. In a fight with the Moors, rashly engaged in by Douglas, the latter was slain, and the casket, with its fetterlock, which he carried on his person, rolled as he fell under the hoofs of the war-horses, and would have been trampled to pieces had not Sir Simon, at great risk, rescued it. Through many vicissitudes and dangers, by flood and field, the faithful knight fought his way to the Holy Land, the heart of his beloved King hidden close to his own. Gold bought from the Moslem soldiery a spot of consecrated ground, and Sir Simon's mission was at length fulfilled. With a sigh of intense relief and a heartfelt prayer of thankfulness he laid the heart of Scotland's noblest monarch in the land where once reposed the King of Kings. Sir Simon Locard, safe returned, placed on his shield a red heart, surrounded by a fetterlock, beneath the bear's head which formed his crest before, and also changed his name to Lockheart, thus in his crest and name for evermore we see the record of a sacred promise faithfully performed.

The crest of the Breretons is a bear's head, muzzled. In remote times the Breretons bore upon their shield and on their helmets a bear's head, but without the muzzle. This was added by order of the King, who marked how in a certain battle a Brereton, eager to win his spurs, led on his men and rushed rashly on the foe; although ultimately coming out of the contest victorious, his impetuosity and over-zeal caused the Royal army to suffer considerable and unnecessary loss. The King, being unwilling to damp the ardour of so courageous a knight, but, at the same time, deeming some censure advisable, rebuked him in a covert way, at the same time admitting the bravery of his young officer. "He bears," said the King, "for crest, the head of a bear, which is a valiant beast, but oftentimes overhasty. I will muzzle his bear." The heralds received orders to this effect, and the Breretons have ever since displayed as their crest a bear's head, muzzled.

A red hand above water, in which a salmon is portrayed, forms the crest of the O'Neill family, who are descendants in a direct line of the Milesian kings. In the remote ages shiploads of adventurers set sail to make a descent on the coast of Ulster, and before starting it was unanimously agreed that the first to touch the land should be esteemed chief of the territory. The ships sped on, but that in which was the ancestor of the O'Neills was behind the rest. As the vessels neared the shore all hope of being first to touch the land was lost to O'Neill; but to obey the letter and not the spirit of the promise was enough. The ships were gaining fast; a moment more and they would ground upon the coast! The resolute O'Neill with desperate resolve drew forth his sword, and lopping off his left hand threw it on the shore. High and dry it fell upon the ground—the first to touch the land—and O'Neill had won the sovereign power! On the arms of the province of Ulster the red left hand appears, and it is also the badge of the Order of Barons of that province, created by James I. The fish "naïant," or swimming in the water, is an allusion to the famous fisheries of Lough Neagh and the river Blackwater.

An ape "passant," or walking along, forms the crest of the Fitzgeralds, Dukes of Leinster, and an interesting story it reminds us of; for the ape on the arms recalls the singular accident which befel Thomas, fifth Earl of Kildare, when an infant. It was on the day that the babe's father and elder brother had both fallen at the battle of Callan in 1261. The fatal news was brought to the Abbey of Tralee, where the infant, only nine months old, was sleeping in its cradle. The household gathered round the breathless bearer of the fearful tidings, even the baby's nurse forsook the cradle to hear of what had chanced, leaving the Earl's pet ape alone with the child. The monkey no sooner saw that the coast was clear than, approaching the cradle, he lifted the infant out of it, and swiftly made his way up the winding stairs and out on to the topmost tower, where he commenced running up and down on the battlements, carrying the child. The horrified spectators held their breath, dreading to utter a cry, lest by so doing they might frighten the ape, who would then certainly let the infant fall. But, after some perilous promenade on the dizzy height, he descended and deposited the future earl, safe and sound, in his cradle. Gratitude to Providence filled the hearts of all, and even pleaded for the life of the mischievous monkey who had usurped the nurse's functions for a time. His life was spared; and on the coat-of-arms we see his "counterfeit presentment," while beneath we read "Non immemor beneficii."

W. G. S.

## ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution held on Thursday, Jan. 10, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £357 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during December last, and payments amounting to £1405 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £600 from the Civil Service Life-Boat Fund to provide a new life-boat for Douglas, Isle of Man, to be named the Civil Service No. 6, also £79 4s. 6d. from the same fund to recoup the institution the amount expended by it during the past year in rewarding the crews of the Civil Service life-boats for services; £500 from "Anon"; £300 from A Friend, per Mr. and Mrs. Norbury, through the Manchester Branch for the Ramsey new life-boat house; and £70 from the "Cyclist" Life-Boat Fund to pay for one year's maintenance of the Cyclist life-boat at Hartlepool. New life-boats have been sent to Tynemouth and Skegness.

## TEN YEARS' PROGRESS ON THE CONGO.

It is ten years past in November since Stanley, returning from his great journey down the Congo, was met at Marseilles by two representatives of the King of the Belgians, who was anxious to enlist the services of the distinguished explorer in furthering his plans for establishing a new African State. Since that date much has been done to carry out King Leopold's great enterprise, and the result of the ten years' labour has been thus summed up by an officer of the State. The Lower Congo has been opened up to navigation by large vessels as far as Boma, soundings have been made and the course marked out by buoys, a cadastral survey of the Lower Congo has been made as a step towards the preparation of a general map of the entire region, justice is regularly administered in the Lower Congo, and a trustworthy and cheap postal service has been established. In addition, registries of births, deaths, and marriages have been established for the non-native population, and it is expected that soon the natives near the stations will also be brought within the scope of the Registrar's returns. At Banana, Boma, and Leopoldville medical establishments under the direction of Belgian doctors have been founded, and a considerable armed force of Blacks, officered by Europeans, has been called into existence. The caravan route between Matadi and Leopoldville is as free from danger as a European road, and a complete service of portage by natives has been established. A railway has been projected and the route almost entirely surveyed. The State has established herds of cattle at various stations; and in the very heart of Africa, on the waters of the Upper Congo, there is a fleet of steamers every year increasing in number. A loan of 150,000,000f. has been authorised, and the first issue subscribed. Many of the more intelligent natives from the country drained by the Upper Congo have taken service with the State, and numerous trading factories have been established as far up the river as Bangala and Loebo. In addition, several private companies have been formed for developing the country, and, finally, geographical discoveries of the greatest importance have been made, either by the officers of the State or by travellers who received great assistance in their work from the State.—*Times*.

## TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## SEA-URCHINS.

A cold, bright winter's day this, in which the sea air blows keen and sharp from the Channel. Eastbourne this morning, however, is looking its best. The sun is shining as brightly as if it had mistaken January for April or May, and while King Fog reigns supreme in London, the Sussex coast is bathed in light. The tide has receded far beyond the lower parade in which Eastbourne rejoices, and although there are no crowds of promenaders as in summer, there is a goodly muster of Eastbourne natives and visitors on the sea-face of this trim little town. Beachy Head looms out clear and sharp before us, and ships in full sail are beating up Channel against wind and tide alike. A fisherman is assorting his lines close by where I stand, and prophesies "a bit of a blow" as a future enjoyment. But the present aspect of affairs is decidedly spring-like, and the smooth sand before us looks inviting enough for a stroll in search of the treasures of the deep. Stoutly shod, you need not fear the sand. It looks wet, but that is a mere optical illusion, after all is said and done; and you may spend your forenoon to better purpose—both in the way of ozone and of mental enjoyment—in a stroll by the sea than in lounging in those cosy rests on the parade above. Away Hastings and Pevensey way, the sand stretches smooth and inviting; towards Beachy Head, you come upon rocks and stones, which form a haunt of not a few species of anemones and other sequestered beings. So, setting our faces to the wind, we start on our pilgrimage, leaving footprints on the sands of Eastbourne as we trudge manfully down to where the waves, with something of spent fury from last night's storm, still break in surf upon the shore.

This stretch of bare sand looks anything but promising for natural history students; yet among the flotsam and jetsam of the waves there are prizes to be picked up, often in large numbers. We are in luck's road this morning, for here, at our feet, the sea has tossed on shore a curious organism, which, at first sight, looks like a spiny apple or orange. That is an Echinus or sea-urchin—the "sea-hedgehog" of the ancients, as its scientific name implies. It is a globular mass, this we have found, bristling with spines, and, like an orange—or the world itself—somewhat flattened at the poles. Looking carefully between the spines you can see the shell, or limy case, in which the soft parts of the animal are contained; and when we arrive at home we shall drop it into that aquarium in which our Eastbourne friends

to bottom of the shell. Five of these zones are perforated with holes for the emission of the tube-feet; the plates of the intervening five zones being imperforate. Now, if you anatomise the sea-urchin's body, you will find therein the same law of number regulating its structure. There are five chief nerve-cords, and five eyes at the top of the shell; there are five tubes carrying water to the feet and there are five main blood-vessels. The star-fishes show the same number of parts, and so do the sea-cucumbers. If we were dealing with plants, we should call this phase of matters their "symmetry," for you find that a law of number is also represented in flowers and their parts. The primrose has five sepals, five petals, five stamens, and five carpels; and your buttercup has the same number of parts in sepals and petals, while its stamens and carpels are present in multiples of five. The lilies, tulips, crocuses, and snowdrops, on the other hand, have their parts developed in threes or in multiples of three. So that we observe how living Nature is not represented by mere chance in her modelling work; and in the star-fish tribe it is very clear, instead of considering "number one," as the phrase runs, she may be said to have devoted all her energies to "number five."

The sea-urchin has a very ancient history as a family group. Away back in the mists of the ages, sea-urchins lived in primitive seas, and left their fossils to testify to the long descent of their race. Even to-day the family group possesses certain queer members which deep-sea dredging has brought to light. In one of these rare sea-urchins, the shell, instead of being rigid and brittle, has its plates flexible. When first my late friends, Dr. Carpenter and Sir Wyville Thomson, saw this flexible urchin heaving and panting on the deck of the Porcupine, and finally collapsing, as it were, the one remarked to the other, "This looks as if you had sat on it." But although these aberrant urchins are the rarities of science, we still possess in the homely Echinus of our own shallow seas a creature whose whole build and history is nothing short of a natural romance.

ANDREW WILSON.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Letters from Majorca.* By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S. (R. Bentley and Son).—These pleasant and interesting descriptions, written in a familiar but rather diffuse and discursive fashion, of an island rarely visited by English tourists, and scarcely known to us except by a renowned but quite incorrect name—which ought to be called "Majorca," as it is by the natives and by most foreigners—are tolerably good reading. They were contributed to *The Argosy* by the son of a lady, the late Mrs. Henry Wood, whose abundant works of wholesome fiction and right-minded essays on social life earned her just popularity; and he had already described his visits to Holland, the Black Forest, and Norway, and a naval cruise with the Reserve Squadron. One of the first lessons in European geography to captivate the memory of a child by its verbal jingle is the juxtaposition of "Majorca, Minorca, and Ivica," which is further impressed on the fancy by learning that these are "the Balearic Islands," in Latin, because their ancient inhabitants, who followed Hannibal to his war against the Romans, used to fight with slings, like David, and boys are naturally inclined to throw stones. In modern history, one has heard of the loss of Minorca, for which Admiral Byng unjustly suffered a tragical doom, and Port Mahon was frequently mentioned in our naval annals; but of the real aspect and condition of the larger island, though distant but 150 miles from the east coast of Spain, and seen by passing steamers on the voyage from Gibraltar to Naples, few of our countrymen are yet informed. It would be a good objective point for a Mediterranean yachting trip, but is easily reached from Barcelona; and Mr. Charles Wood, accompanied by his friend "H. C.," landing on Nov. 10, 1886, at Palma, the seaport town of Majorca, sojourned in the island several months, examining at leisure many

things worthy of note. His book is rendered the more attractive by a hundred well-executed wood-engravings, from which the town and country scenes would appear to be varied, often beautiful and picturesque. Palma has a noble cathedral, of a pure severe Gothic style, begun in the thirteenth century after the Spaniards, who were then a noble Gothic nation, wrested these islands from the Moors; the roof of the nave is 150 ft. high, with pillars of amazing altitude, and sublime pointed arches. This edifice has a unique position, rising literally from the sea-shore. Moorish palaces, monastic cloisters of an oval form, a quaint old town-hall, the Lonja or mercantile exchange, and other architectural antiquities, invite admiring study. Excursions to the hills and mountains, and to the lesser towns, to Miramar and Valdemosa, to Manacor, to the wondrous caves of Arta, and to Soller, Alendia, and Pollenza, with an ascent of the Puig Major, and much contemplative lounging in delightful groves and gardens, are narrated so agreeably that the reader may think Majorca quite as inviting as the Riviera or Algiers. Its winter climate is certainly equal to any other in Southern Europe.

*With the Camel Corps Up the Nile.* By Count Gleichen, Lieutenant Grenadier Guards (Chapman and Hall).—The memorable expedition commanded by Lord Wolseley, four years ago, to relieve General Gordon from his ill-advised and desperate position, besieged at Khartoum, has been the subject of several narratives by officers engaged in different parts of its peculiarly complex and discursive operations. We have perused the minutest details of the tedious and costly ascent of the frequent rapids or so-called "cataracts" of the Nile, in the labouring flotilla of whale-boats, as far as Korti; the seemingly unaccountable division of the forces at that place, and the movement of the "River Column" in a very circuitous direction, encountering a fresh enemy who need not have been provoked at Kibekkan, without any chance of reaching Berber, or even Abou Hamed; the march of Sir Herbert Stewart's utterly inadequate force across the Bayuda Desert to the Upper Nile at Metemneh, with two hard-fought battles, and the establishment of a camp at Gubat, where nothing could be done; the reconnaissance of the enemy's position by Sir Charles Wilson, a bold and adventurous performance, with a narrow escape of disaster; the discovery of the capture of Khartoum and the death of Gordon; finally, the hasty retreat of the expedition, having entirely failed in its object. Military writers can hardly be expected to criticise the general plan of these operations. Those who have studied them most carefully, and the histories of many other campaigns, will perhaps have formed an opinion, which may freely be expressed. There can be no question that every branch of the service, upon this occasion, all the troops and all the officers, the Naval Brigade, the commissariat and transport, the agents of the War Office, and the contractors for the stores and boats, and other extraordinary

equipments, performed their respective duties as well as has ever been done in any warlike expedition. And, in spite of much that political party spirit has uttered against the conduct of the affair by the Government of that day, a candid examination of the facts and dates will prove that no time was lost in England, after responsible military advisers in Egypt had agreed on the measures to be adopted, and on the choice of the Nile route, in preparing for the dispatch of the expedition as early as the season and the state of the river would permit. Whether it ought not rather to have advanced from Suakin to Berber, was a question for the military authorities; but when it was decided to go up the Nile, Lord Wolseley had "carte blanche" to demand whatever means of conveyance he preferred; there was no delay in providing the boats or the camels, any more than in collecting the troops and the stores. This is simply the truth; and if the result of so much labour and expense was an enormous failure—if the bulk of his army never approached within three hundred miles of Khartoum—if the advanced brigade, worn out, unsupported, destitute of means of transport, dwindled to a small remnant, arrived some days' march below that city too late for the rescue of Gordon—we apprehend that this failure was due to mistakes in the plan of operations beyond the control of Government. Count Gleichen, in this unassuming personal narrative, confines himself to an account of the experiences of the "Camel Corps," the fighting force commanded by Sir Herbert Stewart, which was the only portion of the expedition that actually moved forward to the relief of Khartoum. It was, we suppose, the first example in our national history of mounting British soldiers on camels, and we hope it will be the last; for it seems evident that the men could have marched on foot with equal speed and greater ease, as they would do in India, and that all the camels might have been much better employed in carrying water, grain, stores, ammunition, and additional light guns, for at least double the force, which should have been at once pushed forward from the headquarters at Korti. The two thousand camels were transported enough for a sufficient force. Here it is, in our view of the situation, that the most fatal blunder was committed; and the evidence to sustain this judgment, though probably not so intended by Count Gleichen, is amply supplied by all that he relates of the circumstances of the desert march, a distance of 176 miles, in which about 1300 men of all ranks rode on camels, and the 19th Hussars on Egyptian ponies. The camels' speed being two miles and three quarters an hour, and the daily marches being short, and performed in the cool of the night and early morning in the month of January, the men could surely have walked more comfortably, and would have been spared immense trouble with their uncouth beasts. They came back without the camels, arriving at Korti on March 9, most of the poor animals having died, and quantities of valuable stores having been destroyed for want of transport. It was not a successful experiment; but the worst of it was the consequent deficiency of force actually employed to relieve Khartoum. We can recommend Count Gleichen's narrative, for the rest, as a plain, straightforward, unaffected story of incidents which deserve to be remembered, especially the sharp conflict at Abou Klea, where nine officers were killed and as many wounded, and that of Jan. 19, which cost the life of Sir Herbert Stewart; and the experiences in garrison at Gubat. If half Lord Wolseley's fine army had been there, or anywhere near, Khartoum would either not have fallen into the possession of the Mahdi, or would have been recovered in about a week.

*Life of Lamartine.* By Lady Margaret Domville (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—Forty years ago, in the startling dramatic scenes of a sudden national Revolution, the manifold indirect consequences of which have transformed the whole of Europe, the figure of one man—not a warrior, not a rebel, no conspirator, intriguer, or usurper; but an eloquent speaker and writer, the advocate of social order, peace, humanity, and rational freedom—arose from the wreck of parties in the disgraceful fall of French Royalty, and for several months commanded the world's admiration. Those who at that time were of an age to comprehend the political crisis, and who have since witnessed the career of Kossuth, of Garibaldi, and of other eminent foreign patriots and champions of liberty, with their enthusiastic reception in England—those who have watched the series of events in Italy, in Austria and Hungary, in Germany, and more especially in France, the shiftings and changes of ruling powers, the consolidation of nations, the formation of new constitutional kingdoms, the defeat and overthrow of another Napoleonic Empire, and the advance of democracy in every State of Western Europe, still remember Lamartine as the herald of this era of progress. In 1848, assuredly, there was no voice like his for moral authority to proclaim the principles of public right; and seldom in modern history, at a revolutionary period, were those truths recommended by so fair a personal example. He was unsuccessful, partly from his lack of the faculties of craft and violence, and the motive of egotistic ambition, with which coarse and hard and cunning political gamblers win the mastery of the commonwealth; he was too gentle, too generous, perhaps even credulous, in dealing with unscrupulous opponents; but the purity of his intentions, and the dignity of his bearing, were the qualities of a hero. Lady Margaret Domville has rendered a good service to the generation which might else scarcely know what manner of man Alphonse de Lamartine really was, by producing this compact and well-arranged biography, a narrative of the facts of his private and public life, with a few extracts from his letters, here and there some passages of his idyllic and meditative poems, and some testimonies, often from the English Minister at Paris, Lord Normanby, to the virtues of his conduct in 1848, and to his capacity as a statesman. He would, undoubtedly, have made one of the best of Constitutional statesmen in less turbulent times; and if, in 1839, in the old Chamber of Deputies, as the ablest Liberal Conservative debater, he had consented, when two hundred and twenty-six members wanted him to be their leader, to replace the Ministry of Count Molé, the Monarchy and the country might have been spared the fatal errors of Thiers and of Guizot, though King Louis Philippe's own shortsightedness and meanness were enough to provoke disaster. Lamartine, who in February, 1848, was not far from the sixtieth year of his age, could perhaps not have endured the tremendous strife and excitement of the Revolution much longer than he did; and his retirement for many years afterwards was fully occupied with literary industry to repair his wasted fortunes. It was not, therefore, to be regretted, for his own sake, that he did not become President of the Republic, his brief immense popularity having sunk in a few months or weeks, by no real fault on his own part, from the sanguinary conflicts with the Communist insurgents. To him, after all, France was indebted for having on Feb. 25, by his extraordinary courage and prompt address, and by his persuasive oratory, saved the city of Paris from havoc and pillage, the nation from anarchy and civil war; to him also, in the Provisional Government that ensued, all Europe was indebted for keeping Revolutionary France from going to war. Lamartine's conduct of foreign relations was not only prudent, pacific, and conciliatory, but was such as might be expected of a courteous



delight, and notice how life progresses within the sea-urchin's domain. Meanwhile, we may discuss the nature of the Echinus-body on which we have thus stumbled by a lucky chance. That star-fish you see on the beach is a near neighbour of the sea-urchin, although the relationship may not be apparent on a superficial acquaintance with the two animals. The type of body is, nevertheless, the same; and if you could imagine your star-fish doubled up into a ball-shaped form, so that the tips of its five rays would meet together at the top of the ball, you would produce a tolerably close likeness to the sea-urchin's organisation. Included in the star-fish class is yet another type of animals known as the sea-cucumbers. These are common enough round our coasts, and are often brought up in the naturalist's dredge. The sea-cucumbers are the "Trepangs" of the Eastern Archipelago, and dried "Trepang" is a dietetic luxury of John Chinaman when at home. Now, our sea-cucumber, in place of being either star-shaped or ball-like, has a body of somewhat elongated form. At the mouth end it has tentacles, and along its body there are five rows of tube-feet. So that, just as we may suppose a star-fish to be a spread-out sea-urchin, we may compare our sea-cucumber to a sea-urchin drawn out lengthwise. All three types of the star-fish family circle, in fact, are modelled on one and the same broad plan.

So much for the near relations of the sea-urchin, or "sea-egg," as it is also named when, with all its spines torn off, you find its shell lying on the shore. We pop it into our glass tank, and in a short time, as sketched in the above illustration, you find it climbing up the side of its abode. That aperture you see in the middle of the body is its mouth, and if you look closely at this opening you may see projecting therefrom the tips of the five teeth or jaws, which form what has been called the "Lantern of Aristotle." By aid of these jaws, set in movement by a complex set of muscles, our Echinus contrives to masticate the seaweeds and other tid-bits on which it subsists. Notice next how the sea-urchin climbs on the glass. Those round white spots (each with an aperture in the middle) which are disposed in five rows running up and down the shell from top to bottom, you perceive, on closer examination, to be tube-feet, each capable of active movement. These feet can be withdrawn into the shell. They are protruded through holes in the limy casing when movement is the aim of sea-urchin existence; and in order to become tense and stiff, and thus to support the body, the feet are distended with water. When not required for movement, the water is ejected from the feet, and they can then be withdrawn in their soft and flaccid condition into the shell.

It is curious to observe how the organs and parts of the sea-urchin, star-fish, and sea-cucumber bodies are arranged in fives. Look at this dried shell of the Echinus. You see it is beautifully built up of six-sided plates of lime, firmly united to one another, and arranged in ten zones, running from top





THE RELIEF OF SUAKIN: CHARGE OF THE 20TH HUSSARS ON THE ENEMY'S CAVALRY IN THE ACTION AT GEMEIZEH.

FROM A SKETCH BY MIDDLEMASS BEY, INSPECTOR-IN-CHIEF OF COASTGUARD, ALEXANDRIA.



and accomplished gentleman who had held important diplomatic posts. His attitude of friendship towards England, and the drift of his views of the Eastern Question in the same direction as those of Lord Palmerston, incline us to believe that the alliance, formed in 1854, between the two Western Powers, might have been equally possible without Napoleon III. But no great transactions of European policy could take place in the midst of such a turmoil as that in Paris before the Presidential Election. Lamartine soon disappeared as a statesman; and, after a brief visit to Turkey, where the Sultan had given him an estate, devoted his remaining years to writing a variety of books. None of these were equal in literary merit or interest to the "Histoire des Girondins," published in 1847, or to the "Voyage en Orient," relating his Syrian tour of 1832, which are probably familiar to many of our readers. But Lamartine, as a writer both of prose and verse, will rank high among French authors in the nineteenth century; and he merits still greater esteem for his character as a man. This memoir gives pleasing descriptions of the domestic life of a country gentleman in Burgundy, where Lamartine resided, chiefly at Milly and St. Point, near Mâcon, on his small patrimonial estate. His wife was an English lady, formerly Miss Birch, who shared with courageous fidelity all the labours and perils of his remarkable career.

**That Unfortunate Marriage.** By Frances Eleanor Trollope. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The authoress of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble" and other stories—of which "The Sacristan's Household" is our special favourite—has an agreeable talent of portraying worthy, homely, original characters, and of vindicating their substantial virtues by putting their vain and worldly-minded antagonists into embarrassing positions. No more wholesome effect can be produced by a charitable novelist who avoids horrors and crimes and harrowing tragedies, confining the range of incidents to ordinary changes in social and domestic life. This is an excellent story of the kind, without any downright villain, but with two very selfish men—one the negligent father, Captain Augustus Cheffington, and the other, Theodore Bransby, the odious and intriguing suitor, of a sweet young lady, who is the child of "that unfortunate marriage." Her mother having died in this girl's infancy, and Captain Cheffington, an idle profligate without fortune or credit, choosing to live on the Continent with disreputable company, his daughter has been carefully brought up by the kind care of her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Dobbs, of Oldchester, the widow of an ironmonger, one of the best old women in the world. But May Cheffington has an aunt Pauline, her father's sister, Mrs. Dormer-Smith, a London fashionable lady, who considers that her brother is of an aristocratic family, in spite of his "unfortunate marriage," being within two lives of the presumptive heirship to a peerage. This lady, whose fastidious elegance of manners, and the absorbing intensity of her delusive social ambition, are strongly contrasted with the straightforwardness and plain good sense of Mrs. Dobbs, undertakes to receive May, for the purpose of introducing her to the *monde* of high life, allowing Mrs. Dobbs to pay her expenses, as Mrs. Dobbs has already paid the cost of her maintenance and education. The main interest of the whole story lies in the unintentional conflict between such opposite influences, with no personal quarrel, as Mrs. Dormer-Smith and Mrs. Dobbs scarcely meet and seldom correspond, but with alternate action on the mind of the free-hearted and affectionate girl. She loves her grandmother, she likes Oldchester much better than London, and there is an Oldchester young man, Owen Rivers, well educated but poor, and with small prospect of advancement, who finds his way to her youthful heart. His rival, Theodore, is the eldest son of a respectable solicitor in that provincial town, who has married a second wife, a lady of rare beauty and amiability, and has several little children; but Mr. Bransby's money, which belonged to his first wife, is settled on Theodore at the old gentleman's death. There is one very rich man at Oldchester, Mr. Bragg, the great tin-tack manufacturer—a widower of fifty-three, with the habits and manners of a simple mechanic, but liberal, shrewd, and kindly, who has a great regard for old Mrs. Dobbs. The other people of Oldchester, the Rev. Canon Hadlow, with his wife and his daughter Constance, Mr. Sebastian Bach Simpson, the organist, and his wife, also a teacher of music, whose affectation and indiscretion are amusing, the Misses Piper and Joe Weatherhead, the old bachelor retired tradesman, who is Mrs. Dobbs' intimate friend, are just such persons as we have known in a country town. Society in the London circles of rank and fashion is rather spoken of indirectly, with peeps behind the scenes at the shifts and tricks of some of its uneasy votaries, than expressly described, for May Cheffington is proof against its fascinations. She is even glad to escape an invitation to join the party of a Duke and Duchess at their Highland shooting-lodge; she repels her aunt's mercenary scheme of marrying her to good Mr. Bragg for his £50,000 a year; and she finally runs away from London with a single bun for her dinner and scarcely a shilling in her purse, to her old home at Oldchester. Fainting on the journey, she is assisted by Mr. Bragg himself, who meets her on his way back from the funeral of her cousin, the Hon. Lucius Cheffington, the heir to Lord Castlecombe, his decease having left her vagrant father apparently next heir to a title and entailed estate. This news does not afford May Cheffington any gratification; but she hears also that Lucius, her kinsman, has bequeathed her a small income, by which she may hope to become the wife of Owen Rivers, and to show her gratitude for the bounty of her beloved grandmother. As for Owen Rivers, he has already begun a manly effort to earn his own livelihood in the commercial service of Mr. Bragg, as corresponding and travelling foreign secretary; and Mr. Bragg, honest, generous, modest, and sensible as he is, perceiving the mutual attachment of May and Owen, withdraws his own suit, remaining the friend of both. Theodore Bransby, after persecuting May with his detested addresses and slandering the character of Owen, besides treating his widowed stepmother, at his father's decease, with heartless insolence and meanness, sinks into just contempt. The absent sire of our gentle heroine perpetrates at Brussels another still more "unfortunate marriage," espousing a worn-out foreign operasinger, of notoriously bad reputation, who kept a private gambling-house; and he fails, after all, to obtain the Castlecombe inheritance, as the old Lord, suddenly marrying Constance Hadlow, is soon provided with an infant son and lawful heir. These are not impossible vicissitudes; and the way in which they are turned to the ultimate satisfaction of our sympathy with the really good people, not inflicting a very cruel punishment on the bad, makes a story that is pleasing to moral sentiment, as well as lively in style, brisk in movement, and full of animation in the play of characters, with a spice of satirical humour.

The Festival Dinner of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution will be held at the Hôtel Métropole on Tuesday, Feb. 26, when Mr. Edward L. Lawson will preside.

Father Gavazzi, an ex-Catholic priest, who made some stir in England nearly forty years ago by his lectures and addresses upon the errors of Roman Catholicism, died in Rome on Jan. 9, aged eighty years.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W. BARRY (Dover).—Shall be examined and reported upon.

A. W. YOUNG.—The position is quite correct. The key-move is 1. R to Kt 2nd.

J. F. VOLCKMAN (Amethyst Chess Club).—Thanks; but the matter is not of sufficient general interest to publish.

E. J. AGNEW (Liverpool).—We cannot answer by post, and the subject needs a long explanation. A very full account appeared in the *Leisure Hour* some years ago.

C. ETHERINGTON.—Thanks for good wishes. Your solution of 2332 is wrong. In 2331 the Black King moves to escape immediate mate by Q to Q 5th.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2330 received from G. B. Hewitt (Middle Colaba), J. Drake, and Edmund Yardley (Pittsburg); of No. 2332 from G. W. G. Brodie and H. S. B. (Shooter's-hill); of No. 2333 from W. H. Hayton, Charles Etherington, J. G. Hankin, and T. Hubble; of No. 2334 from W. Jordan, H. Barley, P. H. Gibbs, E. J. Gibbs, J. J. Baker, Wawoz, T. Hubble, Rev. J. Matson (Bedford), A. R. Wilson (Barnet), J. L. Bishop, John G. Gandy (Penrith), F. J. Howett, H. S. B., W. H. Hayton, C. E. P., and J. G. Hankin.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2335 received from J. G. Hankin, Martin F. Julia Short (Exeter), A. Newman, Mrs. Kelly, James Sage, F. J. Howett, Howard A. Rev. Winfield Cooper, Shadforth, E. Loudon, Jupiter Junior, E. Casella (Paris), W. Hillier, J. Dixon, J. Conad, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), J. Stanley James (Leigh), R. Worters (Canterbury), T. Roberts, O. J. Gibbs, Bernard Reynolds, T. G. (Ware), Columbus, D. H. S. (St. Austell), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Thomas Chown, R. H. Brooks, C. E. P., R. F. N. Banks, H. Cooper, G. J. Yeale, W. Biddle, Dr. F. St. W. R. Railton, Charles Worrall, D. McCos (Galway), W. E. Cartwright, E. E. H., A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), T. Hubble, and W. H. Hayton.

NOTE.—Our Chess Nuts have caused some perplexity to many correspondents, especially the two by Mr. Newman. In the first the position is only possible on the supposition that a Black Pawn stood on K 4th, and White capturing it to give mate has already lifted it from the board. He now completes his move by placing his B on the square from which the Pawn has been taken. The second, unfortunately, admits of a very commonplace solution. The author's intention was 1. P takes Kt, becoming a Black Rook, R takes Kt, Q mates.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2333.

WHITE. 1. Kt to Kt 3rd  
2. Q to K 6th (ch)  
3. R Mates.

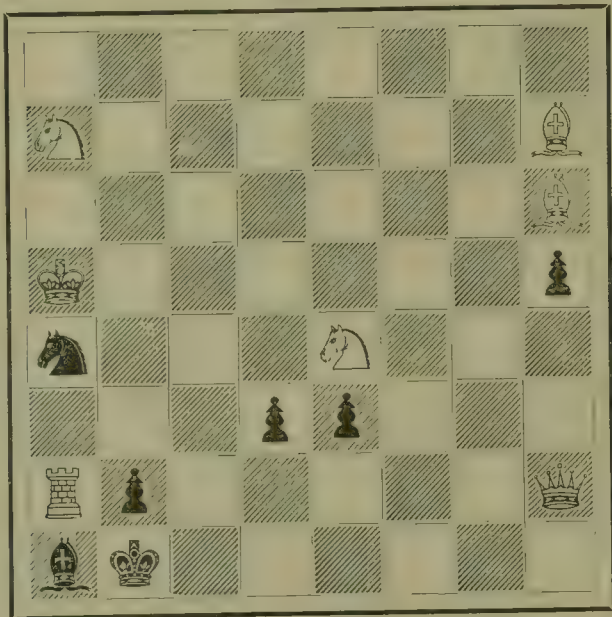
BLACK. K to B 5th  
Any move

If Black play 1. K to B 2nd, then 2. Q to K 6th; if K to K 5th, then 2. R to K 8th (ch), &c.

## PROBLEM No. 2337.

By BERNARD REYNOLDS.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A finely-contested game between Messrs. W. H. GUNSTON, of Cambridge, and H. V. WHITE, of Portarlington, played in the International Correspondence Tourney organised by Mr. G. B. Fraser, of Dundee.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	37. Kt to Q 5th	Kt to K 7th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	38. P to Q Kt 3rd	
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd		
4. Castles	Kt takes P		
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd		
6. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd		
7. B takes Kt	Q P takes B		
The usual reply is, of course, Kt P takes B; the text move, however, can apparently be made without danger.			
8. P takes P	Kt to B 4th		
9. R to Q sq	B to Q 2nd		
10. P to K 6th	P takes P		
11. Kt to K 5th	B to Q 3rd		
12. Q to R 5th (ch)	P to Kt 3rd		
13. Kt takes Kt P	Kt to Kt 2nd		
14. Q to R 6th	Kt to B 4th		
15. Q to R 3rd	R to K Kt sq		
In this position we have seen Q to K B 3rd played, and (after capture of Rook) Black Castles with a very strong attack.			
16. Q takes P	R to Kt 2nd		
17. Q to R 5th	Q to B 3rd		
18. Kt to K 5th (ch)	K to K 2nd		
19. Kt to Kt 4th			
White evidently retreat for the Kt.			
20. Q takes Q (ch)	Q to R 5th		
21. P to K R 3rd	Kt takes Q		
22. P to K B 3rd	P to K 4th		
23. R to K sq	B to K B 4th		
24. B to B 4th	B takes P		
25. B takes P	K to B 2nd		
26. B to B 3rd	R to K sq		
27. B takes R	R takes R		
28. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 4th		
29. R to B sq	Kt to Kt 6th		
30. B to B 2nd	B to Kt 3rd		
31. R to K sq	B to Q 6th		
32. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq		
33. Kt to K 8th	K to B 2nd		
The first player here cleverly wins a Pawn by force.			
34. Kt takes B (ch)	R to Kt 3rd		
35. B takes P	P takes Kt		
36. K to B 2nd	P to B 4th		
	P to Kt 4th		

The City Chess Club Tournament of 130 members has now arrived at a very interesting stage. Mr. Loman, Champion of Holland, who has for some time been leading with an unbroken score, was defeated, on Jan. 11, by T. Block, their game, which was a very fine one, being watched by a crowd of spectators. The leaders among the first-class players are now Mr. Loman, who has won 8 games out of 9 played; Mr. Jacobs, 7 out of 9; Mr. F. Anger, 6 out of 8; Mr. T. Block, 5½ out of 8; and Mr. Mocatta; but Messrs. Ross, Vyse, Leonard, and Heppell have also made good scores. In each of the ten sections, into which the 130 players were divided, an exciting struggle is going on, the representatives of Holland, France, Germany, and Belgium being all among the leaders, and adding greatly to the interest of the contest.

The handicap at Simpson's has ended in favour of Mr. Lee. The second prize was taken by Mr. Bird. There were twenty competitors.

It is only due to an allied game to notice the International Match at Draughts between Messrs. Barker and Smith, the champion players of America and England respectively, which was brought to a conclusion on Jan. 7 at Spennymoor. The Englishman was fairly outplayed after the first few games, and suffered defeat by five games to one, with twenty-three draws, an unusually unfavourable result. This was mainly owing to the really fine play of Barker, whose game in the most critical positions was marked by rare judgment and unfailing accuracy. He now contemplates a match with Wylie, the celebrated Scotch player, for the championship of the world; and, looking to his recent performance, will doubtless make a strong bid for the title.

## THE BATTLE AT SUAKIN.

The despatches of Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell, commanding the force of British and Egyptian troops recently engaged in the relief of the beleaguered town of Suakin, on the Red Sea coast, were published on Saturday, Jan. 12, containing a precise account of the action of Dec. 20, which had already been related in the newspapers. The enemy's force in the besieging trenches is estimated at from nine hundred to eleven hundred men, besides 150 cavalry and about five hundred spearmen in the bush at their rear. The trenches extended a thousand yards, in front of the defenders' position, which was between the two so-called "Water Forts"—namely, Fort Shatar (or Shaata) and Fort Gemeizeh, connected by a long embankment, three-quarters of a mile west of the town. General Grenfell's force consisted of the 2nd Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Talbot Coke; the 1st Battalion Welsh Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Smyth; the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th Battalions of black Sudanese troops of the Egyptian Army, under Colonel Kitchener, as Brigadier, and the 3rd Egyptian Battalion, under Captain Sillem. The European troops formed a Brigade commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Holled Smith; with the Mounted Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow, and the 20th Hussars, under Major Irwin. The British infantry regiments lined the embankment and deployed towards the enemy's south flank, pouring in section volleys of rifle firing, till the Egyptian black troops advanced on the enemy's north flank, under a hot but badly-directed fire from the enemy, and stormed the position, which was a strong one with a double trench and several cross trenches. Sir Francis Grenfell says that these native African soldiers in the Egyptian service "behaved not only with gallantry but with steadiness; they advanced for three hundred yards under fire without firing a shot, and even when the trenches were reached they did not entirely lose their formation." They had confidence in their British officers and in themselves. "The black not only hates the dervish but despises him, and has not the slightest hesitation in attacking him, even when in superior numbers." The King's Own Scottish Borderers afterwards moved forward to occupy the captured position, while the Black Brigade advanced up the trenches; and part of the Welsh Regiment and 3rd Battalion attacked the enemy's redoubt at the south end beyond Fort Gemeizeh. The enemy then retreated towards Handoub, pursued by the British Mounted Infantry, 20th Hussars, and Egyptian Horse Artillery, and fired upon by the guns of the batteries. An attempt was made by the enemy's cavalry to get round the British right flank; but the 20th Hussars resisted their advance by a successful charge, which broke up their line and threw them back in great disorder towards Hasheen. This incident is represented in a Sketch by Middlemass Bey (Captain Arthur J. Middlemass, R.N.), Inspector-in-Chief of the Egyptian Coastguard, Alexandria. The Hussars lost four men killed and three wounded; their gallantry, and the service performed by Major Irwin, are mentioned in General Grenfell's despatch, as well as the service rendered by Middlemass Bey, "with great energy and intelligence," in bringing the Egyptian ships to open fire on the enemy; and several other officers are specially commended.

## AN ICEBOUND HARBOUR.

The *Daily News* correspondent at Odessa writes: It is only rarely that the navigation of this port is absolutely closed. There has been no complete stoppage since 1882, when some forty British vessels were icebound here for seven weeks. Since Dec. 29, when inward and outward bound vessels were suddenly caught in the roads by the rapidly gathering ice, there have been, among others, about sixty British steamers captive in the harbour and roadstead without any immediate prospect of release. This port possesses no steam ice-breaker such as those which, during a severe winter, keep open the navigation of the Elbe. Some few seasons back the harbour authorities purchased a small vessel designed as an ice-breaker, but her construction proved faulty and her power altogether inadequate. The vessel was misnamed the Assistance. Whenever she has tried to show that she deserved her name she has invariably succeeded only in ramming or ripping other craft or in damaging her own bow or propeller. Now, as six years ago, the same futile project has been mooted of opening a channel by means of ordinary mines at so much per verst. This has on former occasions been tried, and without success, for, without the assistance of a powerful ice-breaker to counteract the first hard grip of the frost, there can be no chance of releasing the imprisoned vessels. They must wait until such time as the elements themselves abate their severity. Looking seaward from the commanding elevation of the Nicolai Boulevard, one can see nothing but fields of ice extending as far as the eye can reach. Out in the roads and bay are lying embedded a number of steamers just where they gave up the vain struggle to cut a way, inward or outward, through the unbreakable barrier. Within the sea-walls, and across the uneven surface of the frozen harbour, there is already a network of beaten paths giving access to the vessels which have been unable to reach their berths, and traversed by horse-drawn sledges. Far away, looking like specks on the vast expanse of ice, messengers or provision-carriers slowly make their way on foot to or from a helpless vessel. Over the whole wintry scene shines a brilliant sun from out a clear, steel-grey sky.

Sir M. Hicks-Beach, speaking at the Bristol and West of England Newspaper Press Fund dinner, eulogised the English press, which he thought was, in the matter of news, the best in the world.

Mr. P. W. Steer has been invited by the society of Belgian painters known as Les Vingt, who hold their exhibitions in the Musée Royal de Peinture at Brussels, to represent English painting this year. Last year Mr. Whistler was the artist invited.

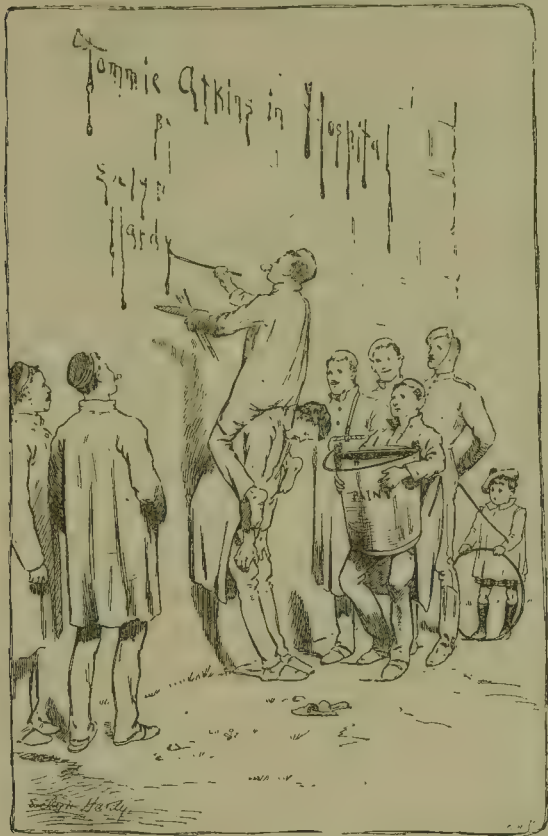
Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., attended the annual meeting of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Farmers' Club, and gave an address on the currency question. He advocated the establishment of bimetalism as of the first importance to agriculturists and the general community. He urged the calling of a conference of the nations on this most important subject, and said he would himself do all in his power to bring it about. Mr. Chaplin's views seemed to strike many of the gentlemen present as novel, but they were well received. In the evening Mr. Chaplin dined with the club.

The British steamer Priam, bound from Liverpool to Hong-Kong, has been wrecked off a small group of islands, named the Sisargas, near Corunna, and four women, the surgeon, and four of the crew have been drowned. The Priam was an iron-screw steamer of 2165 tons gross, built at Greenock in 1870, and was owned by the Ocean Steam-Ship Company, Liverpool. She left Liverpool on Jan. 7, bound for Penang, Singapore, Hong-Kong, and Shanghai, carrying five passengers and a crew of forty-two men. The Sisargas Islands lie about midway between Corunna and Cape Finisterre. They are two in number, and on the larger of the two there is a lighthouse which exhibits a light visible in clear weather a distance of twelve miles.



### "TOMMY ATKINS" IN HOSPITAL.

The private soldier of the British Army—he is a public servant, and how is he more "private" than the non-commissioned or commissioned officer?—has long borne the familiar nickname of "Tommy Atkins." This is said to have originated in the current circulation, once upon a time, of certain War Office draft forms of official reports, either for pay or rations



or equipments, with a draft of instructions, experimentally devised, in which the requirements of an individual "private" were set down, for the sake of indicating his single personality, as those of an imaginary "Thomas Atkins." We do not know whether this brilliant invention was due to a Secretary of State, an Under-Secretary, or a chief clerk of the Department; but it took the fancy of humourists at some regimental mess, was somehow communicated from the officers to the sergeants, the corporals, and the men in the ranks, and has continued to



A MISCHIEVOUS TRICK.

opportunities of observing the ordinary routine of life in a military hospital, and of learning from others, we suppose, many droll anecdotes of the habits and behaviour of its inmates. One incident, which is here delicately omitted, but of which we have heard from a campaigning Special Artist of our own, is the customary holding up of bare feet and outstretching of bare hands to show that they are clean and free from sores, or from the insect pests of a tropical climate. The sudden entrance of the doctor into a convalescent ward may occasionally surprise a party of men who were playing a game of cards or enjoying some other diversion not quite according to the hospital rules; and, like so many boys at a boarding-school, when the usher goes his nightly



FOR SPUR PARADE.

round, they all scurry half-dressed into bed. A "shoe-fight" also, which is a form of social recreation that equally belongs to schoolboy reminiscences, may be known to take place, by the overhearing of smart whacks, and of wild cries and laughter, with much trampling on the floor. These frolics, when detected by the sergeant-major, will of course be reported to the medical officer, and he will probably be inclined to consider that young men who are so brisk and lively when left to themselves can go about their regular duty. There is not much the matter with the gay youth who dances a jig, with outspread dressing-gown skirts, to amuse his comrades. In the meantime, it is often found beneficial to provide some light employment for them in the wards, such as the cleaning of their accoutrements; and men of the cavalry may burnish their spurs. To lie abed all day, most of us know by experience, is "awfully dull"; but the young patient who was complaining of his loneliness may be more than satisfied by the rush of a crowd of visitors bringing all the newspapers from the reading-room at once to cast on his bed, for the mental solace of so many long hours in forced seclusion. Books and magazines are supplied to entertain the patients, and to give them means of self-instruction; the pictorial press is highly appreciated, and we are happy to know that they like *The Illustrated London News*. Meal-times, of course, are eagerly anticipated; the



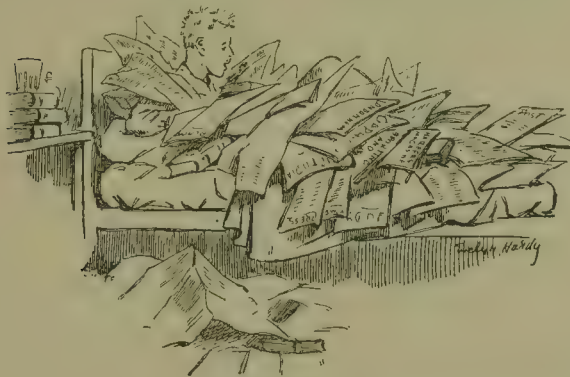
FAMILY PARTY AFTER DINNER.



"AWFULLY DULL."

be in vogue, at least in some of the infantry regiments, as a standing joke, which is now generally understood by civilians.

Everybody knows that soldiers engaged in an actual campaign of warfare are now and then liable to be wounded; but that a much larger number are invalided by sickness from excessive fatigue, unwholesome climate, exposure to the weather, fevers and epidemic diseases, want of proper food and shelter. In time of peace, also, and in barracks at home or at foreign, Indian, and Colonial stations, a certain proportion



READING IN BED.

of the men get on the sick list; and the regimental surgeon or assistant-surgeon, usually known as "Doctor," has no sinecure, under the most favourable circumstances, with the various invalids of his battalion. Out of several hundred men there are some in hospital whom it is his business to make fit for duty as soon as possible. The Army Medical Department is ably and diligently served, and contributes materially to save the public money by keeping our soldiers in a state of bodily efficiency, and shortening the time of their absence from the daily parade. The military vice of "malingering," or pretending to be ill, as an excuse for laziness, is keenly detected by professional skill and sagacity, and has become much less frequent than it was in former times. We do not believe that it was ever practised from motives of cowardice, during a campaign of real fighting, by any soldiers of the British Army; but there are men, even of our own nation, who will shirk their turn of hard work if they can.

The doctor is accustomed to examine the convalescents by constant personal inspection, for which purpose those not confined to bed have to turn out in a sort of informal parade, and he can see with a glance what is their general condition. This is the scene delineated in one of the series of clever and humorous Sketches drawn by a lady, Miss Evelyn Hardy, who has had



CURRENT LITERATURE.

hospital cook, armed with his beneficent soup-ladle, is a popular member of the establishment; and the listening ear of a bed-ridden Tommy Atkins will count the approaching steps of him who brings a refreshing cup of tea—unluckily spilt by a crashing fall at the doorstep! Yet even in hospital, among those who have been ill and are not quite well, there are some idle and mischievous spirits who are capable of tormenting tricks, such as that of pouring water on the face of a sleeper, for which let them be forgiven if he is not in need of sleep. The little children of married soldiers or servants of the hospital are delightful playmates for these young fellows who might be their elder brothers, and some of whom, witnessing the endearments of family life, will remember their own parents and homes.

The Commander-in-Chief, having recently had before him suggestions for improving the rations supplied to soldiers, especially those serving at home, has ordered the circulation of a report of experiments made among the men of the 1st Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, at Mullingar, by Colonel C. J. Barnett. It was decided to provide with the dinner a basin of soup for each man, procured by separating all the bones from the meat rations and adding bullocks' or sheep's heads, and peas, lentils, or barley. The extra cost has been defrayed by means of economy in other meals, particularly in the bread ration, it being observed that a great deal of bread was wasted.



HOSPITAL COOK.

### LAND REGISTRY.

The Lord Chancellor, with the assistance of Mr. Robert Hallett Holt, barrister-at-law, and Vice-Registrar of the Office of Land Registry, has, in pursuance of the Land Transfer Act, 1875, made a number of general rules for the purpose of carrying the Act into execution, and has annulled the subsisting general rules, so far as they are inconsistent with the new ones. A new scale of costs to be charged by solicitors in registration proceedings under the Act has also been drawn up. Under the new system, the concurrence of a solicitor with the applicant for registration with a possessory title is no longer necessary. A great many tedious and troublesome forms are done away with, and now the applicant will simply write his description of the land, &c., on prescribed forms furnished by the office, and the registration is completed by merely filing the actual documents left in their proper place. Under the new system, as the deposited maps will be the actual sheets of the Ordnance Map, and there will be a survey officer in the office, each portion sold on a registered estate will be marked off the original deposited map, and a general Ordnance Map will be used for index purposes, and each original estate marked off thereon as registered. Arrangements are also in progress whereby maps will be supplied and settled for registration purposes at very cheap rates by the Ordnance Survey Department. Under the old system none of the special provisions as to insurance, payment by instalments, calling in capital, and otherwise, so frequently found in mortgages, could be introduced into charges of registered land. Under the new system, however, provisions are made for introducing these provisions and other usual provisions ancillary to a mortgage—including mortgages to building societies, but without prejudicing the simplicity of dealing provided by the Act. Under the new system the certificate of a magistrate, commissioner for oaths, practising solicitor, or banker may be accepted as sufficient authentication, whereas previously the execution of almost every document had to be witnessed and verified by a solicitor. Under the old system the practice of the office was very strictly, and sometimes inconveniently, defined by the rules. Under the new a wide discretion is given to the registrar in all formal matters.

A deputation from the South African section of the London Chamber of Commerce has waited upon Lord Knutsford at the Colonial Office to urge the necessity of retaining Bechuanaland under British control, that some improvement should be made in its administration, and that the railway from Kimberley through Bechuanaland should be speedily constructed. Lord Knutsford said that no one was more satisfied than he as to the importance of keeping trade routes in our hands and seeing that the flow of commerce was free. The projected railway spoken of was the enterprise of a company, not of the Government; but the Government were perfectly alive to its importance, and were considering terms under which it might be assisted.

The Fishmongers' Company seized at and near Billingsgate Market during December 106 tons of fish as unfit for human food. This is an unprecedentedly large quantity for the time of year, the reason being a considerable seizure of Norway herrings and immature fish, amounting together to 63 tons. Of the fish condemned 91 tons were wet fish and 15 tons shell-fish; 26 tons arrived by land and 80 tons by water. The weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate during the month was 13,142 tons, of which 8514 tons came by land and 4628 tons by water. The fish seized included cockles, cod, cod-sounds, doreys, eels, escallops, haddocks, herrings (27 tons), hake, lobsters, mullets, mussels (10 tons), oysters, periwinkles, shrimps (6 tons), skate, smelt, sprats (8 tons), turbot, whelks, and whiting (36 tons). At Shadwell Market, out of a total delivery during the month of 1620 tons, 2½ tons—mostly of immature fish—were seized. The proportion of fish condemned to that delivered at Billingsgate was about 1 ton in 123 tons.

The University Extension Society's classes at Toynbee Hall have commenced. The centre is in a flourishing condition, the number of students having considerably increased, and now number nearly 600. Lectures will be given by Dr. S. Rawson Gardiner on History, Professor Lewes on the Chemistry of the Arts and Manufactures, Mr. Churton Collins on English Literature, and Mr. Pye on Physiology. Professor Lewes' course is of a very practical nature, the subjects comprising photography, electro-metallurgy, pottery, bleaching, calico-printing, and the manufacture of aerated waters, matches, paper, and ink. A students' union arranges for conversaziones and excursions. By the kindness of the Goldsmiths' Company a conversazione will be held in their hall, on Jan. 31. The students' free library contains 4000 volumes. It is proposed to take a party of students to Venice at Easter at a cost of about £12 per head. Next door to Toynbee Hall, the students' residences at Wadham House provide a collegiate life for a certain number of schoolmasters, clerks, and artisans. Further particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Secs., University Extension Classes, Toynbee Hall, 28, Commercial-street, E.





THE DOCTOR'S PARADE.



A SHOE FIGHT.



TOMMY ATKINS AMUSES HIS COMRADES.



"HERE'S THE DOCTOR!"



"WHERE'S THE STEP?"



"HERE IT IS"—CRASH!



THREE SHOTS A PENNY.



THE TUG OF WAR.



SOMETHING INTERESTING.



"GEE UP!"





VALLEY OF GINDAFY, LOOKING WEST.



CAMP AT TASHDIRT, GLEN OF THE WADY IMINXEN.



CASTLE OF THE KAID OF GLAUWA.



SHEIK'S HOUSE, ZARKTAN.



## NONSENSE.

I have come to the conclusion, my friends, that ours would be a much happier world if more nonsense were talked in it! You will set this aside as a paradox; but let me ask you who it is that makes our wars and conducts our negotiations (leading to more wars), and cramps and cripples us with legislation, and inflicts upon us our taxes, and wastes their product in jobs and jobberies, sinecures and pensions, and fills our newspapers with acres of dreary debates, but *the men who talk sense*? It is the sensible men, or, at least, the men who are supposed to be sensible, who govern the world, is it not? And a pretty mess they make of it! I am honestly persuaded that if they could but be induced to deviate at times into the radiant pathways of nonsense they would develop into better governors, and the world would have good reason to be thankful and rejoice. To be sure, the world would need a little time to grow accustomed to the welcome change. At present, when our men of light and leading venture a step or two in this direction, the world persists in thinking them still serious. As when my Lord Salisbury, not long ago, let fall some nonsense about "a black man," instead of laughing at the little joke, people would have it that my Lord was in his usual mood of intellectual gravity; and Heavens! what a hullabaloo they made! A misunderstanding of this kind is greatly to be regretted; because it is obviously calculated to discourage our great men from proceeding further in what would be, I am convinced, a very salutary reform.

I am aware that there are cynical individuals who go about protesting that, as it is, a good deal of nonsense is prattled in high places—in both Houses of Parliament, for instance, and on the judicial bench, and even in the pulpit; but, if so, it is a dull, decorous nonsense, not to be distinguished, so far as I can see, from what usually passes as sense in those privileged quarters. I own that from the platform, whether philanthropic or political, in the lecture-room, and in our admirable vestries, one hears only too much of this false and artificial nonsense, which its authors intend for *the other thing*. But you, my intelligent friend and reader, have already perceived that it is not this bastard nonsense I would recommend for general adoption. True, as discriminated from sham, nonsense must be based upon a solid substratum of wit, humour, or sagacity. A meaning must lurk in it, capable, perhaps, of general application; or a genial smile; possibly, an epigrammatic turn. It must be able to coax the listener or reader into a mood of bland risibility, and plume his fancy to take adventurous flights in the regions of humour. It must also be in such felicitous consonance with the general fitness of things as not to offend by any sudden surprise, or suggestion of awkwardness, or glaring improbability. Thus we are almost led on to say that nonsense is the highest kind of sense—sense sublimed, as it were, in the pure white light of the imagination.

Nor will this definition appear extravagant when you remember that the most perfect nonsense is the ripe product of the greatest genius. Where will you find more exquisite fooling than in the scene between Dogberry and the Watch in "Much Ado About Nothing"? And yet what a deep significance it carries, as the best nonsense always will do! Those scenes in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" with Bottom and his comrades of the sock and buskin—where else is there such delightful extravagance, except, perhaps, in Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" or his "Médecin Malgré Lui": and in all these you will detect beneath the fun a wide knowledge of human character and a keen insight into the philosophy of human life. And Rabelais! What a rich glow of nonsense shines, like a lambent flame, around his Gargantua and Pantagruel! Here observe, if you please, that the best nonsense flows, not only from the greatest, but also from the finest, sweetest-tempered intellects; never from the cynical wits, or epigram-makers, or satirists. A man must have a generous heart to talk nonsense in the right vein. You will discover none of it among the acrid jests of Voltaire, nor in the severe satire of Samuel Butler. These men do not laugh as Shakespeare and Molière laugh. They smile, but it is with a curling lip of contempt; their sides do not shake with guffaws, like Rabelais' in "his easy-chair"; at most they accomplish only a disagreeable snigger. Swift's nonsense is admirable; but then, you know, there was a latent fund of kindness in that strange, self-persecuted spirit. And Sidney Smith: he was largely gifted with the best qualities of humanity, and so is his fun. Thomas Hood can fool us to the top of our bent—when his punning propensities do not prove too much for him, and the humour is not spoiled by verbal ingenuities. We owe a debt of gratitude also to Edward Lear and to Lewis Carroll, who have shown that they can write nonsense with the proper amount of sense, and nonsense which has not a suspicion of bitterness or double meaning in it.

Shakespeare warns us against the man who hath not music in his soul; but a much more dangerous character is the man who hath no relish for nonsense. I make an exception, of course, on behalf of people who are hampered by the iron dignity of their positions, such as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Speaker of the House of Commons, or the Lord Mayor of London. I suppose these eminent personages never laugh—perhaps they dare not; but, these excepted, everybody should know how to enjoy nonsense, and people who cannot, I should be inclined, were I Mr. Munro or an autocrat, to regard with severe suspicion. Some few days ago a certain person told me he could see "no fun" in Falstaff's account of the nine men in buckram. Up to that time I had supposed him to be as honest as most of us are (who are not Government contractors); but *now*! Well, I look daily in the police reports, expecting to see him accused of burglary, bigamy, or travelling on the railway without a ticket. All pure-souled, warm-hearted, clear-minded men and women appreciate true nonsense. I think it a point for consideration, therefore, whether a husband might not divorce his wife, or a wife her husband, if, after marriage, either detected in the other a want of this appreciative faculty. Probably it would be a good plan, in the early days of courtship, to test Edwin or Emma with half-a-dozen pages of "Alice in Wonderland"—failure to laugh being accepted as evidence of latent moral guilt or mental weakness, or, at the least, "incompatibility of temper."

No doubt we must deplore at present a sad want of genuine, high-toned nonsense, both in our literature and on the stage; but, perchance, a demand for it would create a supply, and, meanwhile, the old, old stores are, happily, inexhaustible. Of course, the men and women who laugh at a Gaiety burlesque, a comic actor's "Recollections," the gag of a music-hall singer, or the libretto of an opéra-bouffe are out of court; nonsense is not for them, nor are they-for nonsense. Let them feed on the husks and drink up the heel-taps; cultivated minds demand more generous viands and a cup of the true Falernian. What we must plead for, in short, is a good deal less of cynicism, pessimism, and morbidness; and a good deal more of frank enjoyment of life and the world, a good deal more of purity, healthiness, and honest laughter. Oh, that our sages would be less sage, our wits more natural, our moralists less ponderous! Let there be more cakes and ale; let ginger be hot in our mouths. But I must take care, lest some Mawworm come this way, or some atrabilious critic, and rap me over the knuckles for talking—nonsense! O. Y.

## MR. JOSEPH THOMSON, F.R.G.S.

Mr. Joseph Thomson, who has won distinction as an African explorer, and who has returned recently from a successful expedition to Morocco and the Atlas Mountains, is the son of Mr. William Thomson, of Gatelawbridge Quarries, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, and was born at Penpont on Feb. 14, 1858. He obtained his early education, as so many eminent Scotchmen have done, in the parish school of his native place, from which he went to the University of Edinburgh. There a predilection for natural history which he had early displayed led him to enter the science classes, in several of which he gained



MR. JOSEPH THOMSON, F.R.G.S.,  
The African Traveller, late on a Mission to Morocco.

honours, carrying off the gold medal in geology and zoology. In 1878, Mr. Thomson was selected to accompany the late Mr. Keith Johnston on his expedition to the Central African lakes in the capacity of naturalist. On the death of Mr. Keith Johnston, soon after the caravan had left the coast, Mr. Thomson assumed the command, and, although not then twenty-one years old, conducted the expedition to a successful issue, making extensive and accurate additions to our knowledge of the geography of the regions through which he passed. In 1882, Mr. Thomson was engaged by the Sultan of Zanzibar to inspect the supposed coal district in the Rovuma, and in 1884 he undertook his celebrated journey to Masai Land, an altogether unexplored portion of Africa inhabited by a warlike and jealously exclusive tribe. Notwithstanding what, to a less experienced and courageous man, would have seemed insuperable obstacles, he succeeded in making his way as far as Mount Kenia, a snow mountain almost directly under the Equator, and afterwards to the north-eastern corner of Lake Victoria Nyanza. On his return home he described his observations and adventures in a fascinating volume, "Through Masai Land," which proved him to be possessed of literary ability as well as enterprise and scientific attainments, and which secured for him the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. In 1885 Mr. Thomson undertook a mission for the Royal Niger Company to the Sultans of Sokoto and Gandu, which he successfully carried out, securing by treaties British supremacy over the whole of the Central



MR. HAROLD CRICHTON-BROWNE,  
Companion of Mr. Joseph Thomson in his Mission to Morocco.

Soudan. During an interval of rest at home Mr. Thomson, besides contributing papers on Africa to several magazines, produced, in conjunction with Miss Harris Smith, a novel, called "Ulu," in which are embodied some of his studies of African character, and some sketches of tropical scenery. Early in the past year, 1888, Mr. Thomson started for Morocco, on an expedition, to the cost of which the Royal Geographical and other learned societies contributed. During this expedition he has travelled along the coast and ascended and crossed the Atlas chain in no fewer than six different places, besides making various subsidiary trips into the lower ranges. A large number of barometric and boiling-point observations have been taken, which will assist in forming a more accurate idea of the general elevation of the range. Several glens have been explored, and the head-waters of some important streams have been mapped out. New and important light has been thrown upon the geological structure of the mountains. A collection

of plants from the higher altitudes has been made and a series of photographs of the mountains, the inhabitants, and their houses has been obtained. Mr. Thomson has reached an altitude on the mountains 1500 ft. higher than any other traveller. While carrying on his exploring work in Morocco he has several times been in great jeopardy from attacks by the fanatical natives. When at Casablanca in October, and about to undertake another journey into the interior, Mr. Thomson was suddenly summoned home by the East African Company to take the head of an expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha; but that project having been abandoned, Mr. Thomson is now preparing an account of his journey to the Atlas Mountains, which will be published, in March, by Messrs. George Philip and Son. He read an interesting paper, on Nov. 26, to the Royal Geographical Society, who have printed it in their proceedings, as well as the narrative by Mr. Walter B. Harris of his visit to Sheshouan, with which our readers are acquainted.

## MR. HAROLD CRICHTON-BROWNE.

Mr. Harold Crichton-Browne, who accompanied Mr. Joseph Thomson on his expedition to Morocco, is the only son of Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. He was born at Gateshead-on-Tyne in 1866, was educated at University College School, and Magdalen College, Cambridge, and, in 1884, obtained a Commission in the 3rd Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers—a battalion which has obtained the first place amongst militia regiments—under the command of that able and energetic officer Colonel Walker, A.D.C. On hearing of Mr. Thomson's proposed expedition to Morocco, Mr. Harold Crichton-Browne, with the sanction and approval of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, volunteered to join it, and having obtained a year's leave of absence proceeded with Mr. Thomson to Tangier in the beginning of last March. Since that time he has been associated with Mr. Thomson in all his labours and perils in Morocco, and has collected information as to the roads, mountain passes, arming of the natives, climate and configuration of the country, which can scarcely fail to be acceptable to the Intelligence Department. When at Gindafy, in the mountains, Mr. Crichton-Browne was for a time in serious danger from the effects of a scorpion bite; and when passing through the country of M'tonga, then in a state of revolt, he had the unpleasant experience of having for several days to undertake forced marches while suffering from jaundice, the overpowering sickness of which compelled him now and then to dismount from his horse and lie down on the roadside for a little rest.

## MERCHANT SHIPPING IN THE KINGDOM.

From the returns compiled by "Lloyd's Register of Shipping," it appears that there were 445 merchant vessels of 811,468 tons gross under construction in the United Kingdom at the close of the quarter ended Dec. 31, 1888, and of these 392 vessels of 724,628 tons, or nearly 90 per cent, were being built under the supervision of the surveyors of "Lloyd's Register" with a view to classification by that society. Three hundred and sixty-four of these vessels are steamers, having an aggregate of 729,798 tons, the number in course of construction on Dec. 31, 1887, having been 209, with a tonnage of 397,525; of the steamers 312, with a tonnage of 694,386, are of steel; 48, tonnage 35,157, of iron; and 4, of 255 tons, of wood and composite, the numbers at the end of 1887 having been, respectively, 161 of 369,709 tons, 37 of 46,011 tons, and 8 of 1805 tons. The merchant tonnage under construction in the United Kingdom at the end of 1888 was about 85 per cent greater than the tonnage under construction at the end of 1887. This great movement in the shipbuilding industry has taken place gradually, the several quarterly statements issued by "Lloyd's Register" having shown in each case an advance on the amount of work previously in hand.

## SIR F. BRAMWELL ON TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

Sir Frederick Bramwell gave the opening address of the Heriot Watt College in the United Presbyterian Synod-hall, Edinburgh. Lord Provost Boyd occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance.

Sir F. Bramwell, in the course of his address, said it would be impertinent at this time of day to advocate before such an audience the advantages of technical education. In the days of George Heriot most craftsmen would have been astonished had they been told that their crafts were based on scientific methods. It was not until the development of engineering that the necessity for the application of science to industry was felt. A man of Heriot's intelligent and munificent views, if he had foreseen in those days the need of technical education, would have included such a scheme in the disposition of his property as that which they had met there that night to inaugurate, and he would have viewed with the greatest favour the measures which were taken in Edinburgh to encourage technical education. Sir Frederick went on to speak of the use of coal in the industries of the country. Coal meant the industrial life of this country, and ought to be held sacred and respected. It ought to be used, by all means; but not to be wasted. There were many cases in which the consumption of coal was absolutely lamentable. It was our bounden duty by precept and example to do all we could to stop that state of things and to cause people to respect the coal as if it were of the most vital importance to the country. The application of science to industry became day by day necessary, and day by day such institutions as the Heriot Watt College demanded their recognition and support.

On the motion of Lord Shand, a cordial vote of thanks was awarded to Sir Frederick Bramwell for his address.

Mr. Alderman Whitehead, the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by Mr. Sheriff Newton and Mr. Alderman Savory, visited his native county of Westmorland on Jan. 10, and opened a new Grammar School in the town of Kendal. There was a State procession to the Townhall, and the event was made the occasion of general public rejoicings.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular-glass to Captain Hermann Carl O. Warmuth, Master of the German barque Banco Mobilario, of Hamburg, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the British barque Cordova, of Liverpool, which was wrecked at sea in the month of July last.

A girl, about nineteen years of age, living at Manchester, professed to have been persecuted for some weeks by communications signed "Jack the Ripper" and containing the usual sort of threats. Later she declared that she had been set upon by a man with a knife, and in proof thereof displayed her arm, in which, sure enough, there was a serious gash. For a time her story was believed, and much commotion was excited in the neighbourhood, prayers being offered up in a local Roman Catholic chapel for her safety and for the discovery of the miscreant. By-and-by, suspicions, apparently, were aroused, and the girl, being questioned, confessed that the letters and the gash were alike her own handiwork.





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SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

After a very short lull indeed the theatrical world is in a state of suspended animation. Has anyone noticed who has carefully studied the story of our stage how much the managerial policy of London resembles the action of a flock of sheep? Someone bolder than all the rest leads the way, and away follow the rest pell-mell at his heels. At one time there is a rush upon melodrama, at another on romantic plays; now London is inundated with farcical comedies, now with burlesques, now with comic operas, now with sentimental domestic pieces. They do not come by single spies, but by battalions. Already there are signs of a grand Shakspearian reaction. It was a reproach a few months ago that a play by Shakspeare was to be found at no London theatre. Soon "the bard" will be found all over the place. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry will be playing Macbeth and Lady Macbeth at the Lyceum; Mr. Wilson Barrett will be seen as Hamlet at the Princess's; Mr. Beerbohm Tree will be exciting wonderment with his Sir John Falstaff at the Haymarket; and Mr. Richard Mansfield positively intends to play Richard III. at the Globe. Here, then, is Shakspeare enough and to spare; at any rate, it is a sign of reviving taste, and should be welcomed accordingly.

The Haymarket version of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" is a very creditable one in many respects, and it has given great delight to the steady-going, old-fashioned folk who make a point of patronising morning performances at a well-established and well-conducted theatre. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has suddenly, and to his complete surprise, discovered a little gold-mine. It has transpired that in this mighty daily-increasing metropolis of ours, particularly in the winter when the weather is bad and the nights are foggy, there are hundreds and thousands of playgoers who prefer to take their amusement in the afternoon. Old ladies whose time hangs heavily on their hands, old gentlemen retired from business or on half-pay, visitors, country cousins, and innumerable people who would never dream of going to a theatre at night-time, can easily get to the Haymarket by rail, or road, or the friendly "bus." For these eminently respectable and essentially unfrivolous people, Mr. Beerbohm Tree conveniently caters. They like his theatre and his style of management. True, the Haymarket on these occasions wears the air of a conventicle. All is dark and sombre as in church. The Haymarket patrons take their amusement seriously, but they like it for all that. Applause, laughter, or cheers are never heard. The deans and the dowagers are decorous in their behaviour; but the Haymarket pay-sheet shows that they rushed to see "Masks and Faces," and they have rushed in even greater numbers to see Shakspeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor." It is the fashion with the modern and smart young critic to ridicule this jovial old play, to sneer at it as a common farce, to relegate it to the lowest depths of artistic consideration, to laugh at its plot, and to pooh-pooh its humour. But how pleasantly it trips before our eyes; how full of merry conceit is its comedy; how rich and juicy is its fun; how it breathes the spirit of Old England; how it traces back for us the sturdy vigour and manliness of our ancestors! How easy to fall foul of such a plot; how simple to see that the "Masque" in Windsor Forest, the tripping elves that surround Herne's Oak, and the befooling of Sir John with the antlered head has been added or annexed to the major premiss of the comedy; how interesting to note how Shakspeare embellished a simple tale of intrigue with his splendid, full-flowing language, and could not resist a touch of sentiment here or a curious joke there not quite fit for modern ears polite! But

surely it is only the Philistine of the modern or baser sort, only the hopelessly uncultured, only the cantankerous, carping, unimaginative fashionmonger, who can find no fun, or despairs of any amusement, in the "Merry Wives." Apart from the humanity of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, who might have lived to-day in modern Datchet; apart altogether from the jealous Ford and the matter-of-fact Page, who have their exact counterparts in the most modern society; apart from jovial, sack-drinking Sir John, who may be a better or a worse Falstaff than Shakspeare drew before—is it possible that men of education can exist who can see, or profess to see, no humour in Dr. Caius, or Slender, or Sir Hugh Evans, or the jolly landlord with the red nose, or in any of the characters that illustrate this fine old play? It is carrying the art of depreciation to a very fine point when Shakspeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" is not only to be jeered out of court, but that those who profess to find in it some honest pleasure are put down as good-natured but mistaken lunatics. Is it not true that in these modern days there is a critical set that makes a trade of opposing accepted truth, that thinks it smart and fine to say "No" to every "Yes," and that would be prepared to argue on the smallest provocation that Shakspeare was scarcely a genius and Hamlet an overrated study in mental philosophy? The excellence of the modern version of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" consists in its completeness. Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, with their respective husbands, are really admirably played by Miss Lingard, Miss Rose Leclercq, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. F. Harrison. It may be doubted if the modern playgoer has ever seen better representatives of these characters even when the play was revived at the Gaiety by Mr. John Hollingshead, at a comparatively recent date. The same may be said of the Dr. Caius of Mr. H. Kemble, and the Sir Hugh Evans of Mr. Edward Righton, both in the true Shakspearian spirit—as indeed, in a very remarkable manner, was the jovial host of the Garter by Mr. Lionel Brough. The Dame Quickly needed colour and point, but Mrs. Beerbohm Tree's Sweet Anne Page is in every way a charming performance—gentle, sweet, innocent, and in the revels singularly picturesque and imaginative. Mr. Tree's Sir John is like everything this young actor does, exceedingly clever. It may not be an ideal Falstaff. Nature has made the actor a Lance, not a Sir John. But Art supplies what Nature denies; and who would complain of a padded Falstaff when they see such a merry rendering of a fine old play?—a most creditable revival.

The children are quite clever enough to know that the elephant in the pantomime is in nine cases out of ten blown out of bladder, or consists of a couple of boys, back and front, encased in a hide; similarly they may be aware that bears and monsters of that kind are a delusion and a snare when they promise to appear on the stage. But they need not be under any misapprehension regarding the elephants—baby and grown up—or the comic bear advertised to appear at Hengler's Circus, now located in Covent-Garden Theatre. Elephants really do swing on seesaws, play instruments and trumpet vigorously; a very wonderful young Bruin not only rides a horse with ease but jumps through rings and paper hoops like an accomplished gymnast, and having been affectionately followed in his gyrations by a huge mastiff, eventually has a comic fight with his friend in the arena, which is so realistically done that the audience becomes alarmed lest the mastiff should make a spring at the bear's throat, or that Master Bruin should give the dog one squeeze that would send him senseless on to the sawdust. The circus at Covent-Garden is a capital one, and it is due to the personal energy of Mr. W. Freeman Thomas that the children have such a treat during their holidays.

## SKETCHES IN MELBOURNE.

Our Australian Colonies, with their three million of English people, have already begun to create an Australian literature of some pretensions to originality, but read and buy or borrow large quantities of the books issued by London publishers, and Melbourne is a good market for our exports of printed thought. Mr. Douglas Cane observes, in his recent "New South Wales and Victoria," that he found in Bourke-street "a wonderful book-emporium," the proprietor of which boasts the possession of not fewer than a million volumes in the basement and two galleries of his gigantic establishment. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, looked in at the crowded shop of Mr. Samuel Mullen, in Collins-street East, which is the great circulating library, on the plan of that in New Oxford-street, the source of so much inexpensive intellectual pleasure, founded by Mr. C. E. Mudie in London many years ago. Half the respectable families in Melbourne belong to Mr. Mullen's list of regular subscribers, and the "Melbourne Mudie's" is a busy scene, on Saturday morning, during the hours for attending to exchange books. Excellent free libraries are maintained also by the municipal authorities of the city.

It should have been mentioned, last week, in noticing Mr. Prior's excursion to Coranderrk, that he wishes to acknowledge the civility and hospitality of Messrs. Bruce Brothers, who provided a four-in-hand at the Ringwood Station to take him a very interesting drive through the Fern Glen, and afterwards conducted him to Lilydale, and got him every facility for inspecting the Aborigines' Protective Station at Coranderrk. He also received useful assistance from Messrs. Foster and Martin, photographic artists of Melbourne, who sent a photographer to accompany him in the excursion, and to whom our thanks are due for their aid on this occasion.

Mr. Richard Benyon, of Englefield House, Reading, has sent £1000 to the executive committee of the Church Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays.

A cheque of £96,045 has been paid at the Bank of England, on behalf of the Metropolitan Board of Works, to the account of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, for the purchase of Clissold Park, which is thus secured for the use of the public for ever.

The Society of British Artists have sent a circular letter to the Head Masters of the various Schools of Art throughout London and the provinces, notifying that the students attending such classes, or schools, will be admitted free to the exhibitions of the above body, at their galleries in Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, on presenting their students' tickets.

Another new fast cruiser has been added to the effective strength of the Royal Navy by the completion for sea of the Narcissus, which was recently built for the Government by Earle's Shipbuilding Company, of Hull, and has been prepared for commission in the Medway. The Narcissus was designed by Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, the late Director of Naval Construction, and is 300 ft. in length, with a breadth of 56 ft., and a mean load draught of 22 ft. 9 in. Her engines are of the triple expansion type, and are capable of developing 8500-horse power, with a speed of between eighteen and nineteen knots per hour. The armament of the Narcissus consists of two 9.2-inch 22-ton steel breech-loading guns, mounted on Vavasseur fittings; ten 6-inch 5-ton breech-loading guns, and sixteen 3-pounder and 6-pounder quick-firing guns. She is also provided with a torpedo armament both below and above the water-line. She is to be placed in the First Division of the Medway Steam Reserve.

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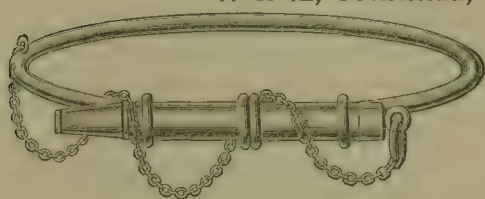


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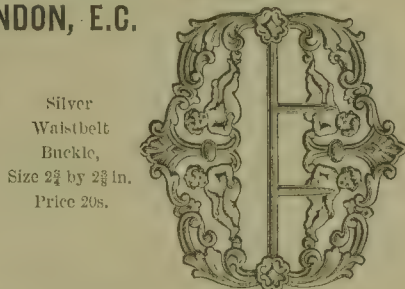
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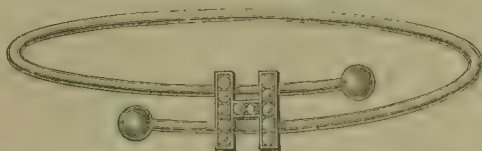
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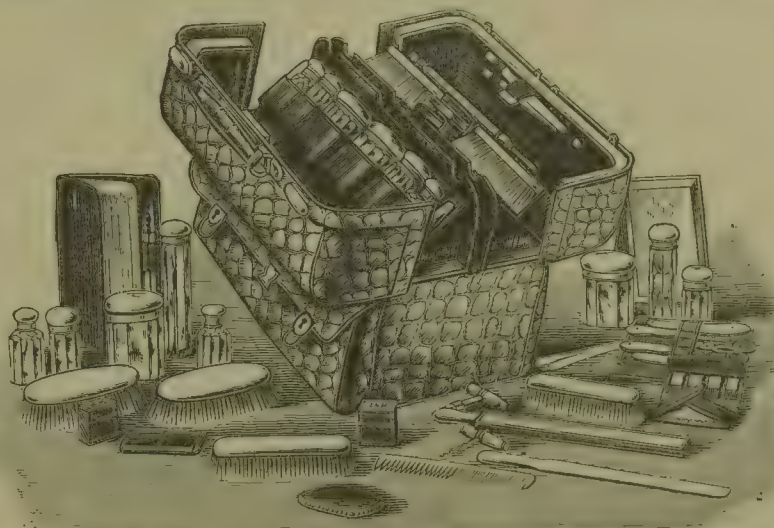
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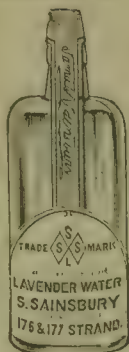
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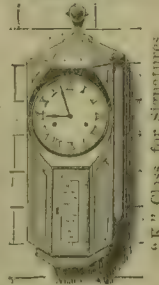
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## OBITUARY.

## EARL OF SEAFIELD.

The Earl of Seafield died suddenly on Dec. 3, from heart disease, at his residence near Oamaru, New Zealand. He was the son of the ninth Earl by the daughter of Mr. Eyre Evans, of Ashill Tower, Limerick; was born in 1817, and married, in 1871, Anne Trevor Corry, daughter of Major George Thomas Evans, of Otago. Lord Seafield had lived for several years in New Zealand before succeeding to the title and estates of his father, who died last year. Lord Seafield has left three sons and three daughters, and is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, Viscount Reidhaven, born in 1876.

## SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE, BART.

Sir John Warrender Dalrymple, seventh Baronet, of North Berwick, in the county of Haddington, died on Dec. 28. He was born May, 1824, the second son of Lieut.-General Sir John Dalrymple Hamilton Dalrymple, sixth Baronet (who died, May 26, 1835), by Charlotte, his wife, the only daughter of Sir Patrick Warrender, third Baronet, and succeeded his brother in the baronetcy, April 27, 1887. He entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1842, was Judge at Hooghly 1858 to 1860, and Commissioner there 1863 to 1864, and retired in 1872. The deceased Baronet married, June 7, 1847, Sophia, younger daughter of the late Mr. James Pattle, of the Bengal Civil Service, and leaves with a daughter (Virginia, wife of Mr. Francis Henry Champneys), an only surviving son, now Sir Walter Dalrymple, born Jan. 6, 1854; married, Nov. 7, 1882, Alice Mary, daughter of Major-General the Hon. Sir Henry Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G., C.B., V.C., and has three daughters.

## SIR WILLIAM O'SHAUGHNESSY-BROOKE.

Sir William O'Shaughnessy-Brooke, F.R.S., late Director-General of Telegraphs in India, whose death is just announced after a short illness, was born Oct. 31, 1809. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and, having been admitted to the medical profession, entered the medical service of the East India Company in 1833. He became Surgeon in the Bengal Army in 1848, and Surgeon-Major in 1861. He was Director-General of Telegraphs in India 1853 to 1862, and was knighted in 1856 for distinguished services in establishing the electric telegraph in India. Sir William, who assumed the additional surname of Brooke in 1861, married, firstly, Margaret, daughter of Mr. Francis O'Shaughnessy, of Curragh, in the county of Clare, and secondly, Julia Greenly, daughter of the late Captain John Sabine, 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

## SIR THOMAS SCAMBLER OWDEN.

Sir Thomas Scambler Owden, F.R.G.S., Alderman of Bishopsgate Ward, died at his residence, Mulgrave House, Sutton, on Jan. 9, in his eighty-first year. He was the youngest and only surviving son of Mr. John Owden, of Cuckfield, in the county of Sussex, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Mr. Thomas Scambler. He entered the Corporation in 1847, and was first a representative of the Bishopsgate Ward in the court of Common Council and afterwards (1862), a Deputy. He was made an Alderman in 1868, served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex 1870-1, and was Lord Mayor of London 1877-8. In the latter year he received the honour of knighthood. The deceased gentleman married, in 1837, Frances Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. John Rigby, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Osmond De Lancey Priaulx, D.L., suddenly, at his residence, The Mount, Guernsey, on Dec. 30, aged fifty-six.

Rev. Stephen Parkinson, D.D., F.R.S., Fellow and late Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, at Newnham, on Jan. 2, aged sixty-five.

General Stephen Charles Briggs, late Madras Staff Corps, at Bolarum, India, on Dec. 17, aged eighty-four. He entered the Army in 1825, and retired as General in 1880.

Colonel Edmund Willoughby Lyons, late of the Bombay Staff Corps, on Jan. 6, at 35, Brunswick-gardens, Kensington, aged fifty-eight. He entered the Army in 1847, became Captain in 1857, Major in 1866, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1873, and Colonel in 1876. He was upon the staff of officers retired.

Major-General Hugh Manly Tuite, Royal Artillery, at The Common, Woolwich, on Jan. 4, in his seventy-eighth year. He was the second son of Sir George Tuite, ninth Baronet, of Sonna, in the county of Westmeath, by Janet, his wife, daughter of Major Thomas Woodall, 12th Regiment. He entered the Army in 1830, and retired as Major-General in 1859.

Mr. John Fletcher Davies, Professor of Latin in the Queen's College, Galway, on Jan. 4, aged fifty-seven. He obtained a scholarship in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1858, and graduated as Gold Medallist in Classics in 1859. He was a frequent contributor to classical periodicals, and wrote many books on classical subjects.

Mr. George Patrick Lattin Mansfield, of Morristown Lattin, in the county of Kildare, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff, 1851, at his seat near Naas, on Jan. 12, aged sixty-eight. He was the eldest son of Mr. Alexander Mansfield, by Paulina, his wife, only daughter and heiress of Mr. Patrick Lattin, of Morristown Lattin.

Sir Henry Arthur Hunt, C.B., at his residence, The Lees, Folkestone, on Jan. 13, aged seventy-eight. He was a partner in the firm of Hunt, Stephenson, and Jones, the surveyors, and had been consulting surveyor to her Majesty's Office of Works and auditor for the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. He received his knighthood in 1876.

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## IMPERIAL TAXATION IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

A paper was read on Jan. 15 before the Royal Statistical Society, by Mr. J. S. Jeans, "On the Amount and Incidence of Imperial Taxation in Different Countries." Mr. Jeans described in very general terms the sources of revenue of most of the countries of the world, and gave figures showing the great increase during the last twenty years in the amounts levied by taxation from their peoples. He pointed out that this increase was mainly due to increased expenditure for war-purposes, and said:—"The present annual expenditure in Europe for war-purposes, including armies, navies, and interest on war-debts, is over 350,000,000 per annum. Thirty years ago the same expenditure was not more than 110,000,000 annually. Nothing can justify such an utter waste of resources. What is there to show for it? No single nation is one whit the happier, the better, or the more secure. We have at this moment nearly 1,000,000 of men under arms in Europe. Add what these men ought to earn as producers—taking the moderate average of £20 per man per annum or about 80,000,000 sterling in all—to the war-expenditure already stated, and we have a total waste of 430,000,000 per annum."

"A kind friend in Liverpool" has sent £200 to the Curates' Augmentation Fund.

An anonymous donor has sent £180 towards the rent and taxes of a new Home for Inebriate Women, about to be established by the Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance Society.

In London 2671 births and 2075 deaths were registered in the week ending Jan. 12. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 233 below, while the deaths exceeded by 160, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 176 from measles, 17 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria, 37 from whooping-cough, 10 from enteric fever, 1 from an undefined form of continued fever, 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 1 from choleraic diarrhoea.

The entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Tuesday, Jan. 15, provided through the kindness of Mr. John Elwin, consisted of vocal and instrumental music by Mrs. Coles, Mrs. Watts, Miss Pawle (pianoforte), Mrs. Caddy (harp), Mr. Pawle (violin), the Rev. J. Hammond, the Rev. A. L. Whitlock, and Mr. John Elwin; also a recitation, charmingly given, by a little girl, Miss Irvine. There were several encores; but we have only space to mention Mrs. Watts, who was recalled after "My Sailor Lad," which was exceedingly well sung; and the "Singing Lesson," by Mrs. Coles and Mr. John Elwin, which "brought down the house." Mrs. Elwin was an able accompanist.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Ear Hospital, Frith-street, Soho, was held in the hospital on Tuesday, Jan. 15—Mr. John Carr, J.P., treasurer, in the chair. The secretary reported that during the year just closed there were 8391 out-patient attendances; that 94 patients had been admitted into the in-patient wards, and that these numbers were by far the largest on record since the foundation of the institution in 1816. The financial report showed that, like most other hospitals, there had been a falling off in subscriptions and donations; and that had it not been for the receipt of a legacy apportioned by the late Earl of Shaftesbury, there would have been a serious deficit at the end of the year. Increased subscriptions and donations are urgently needed to meet the ever-increasing demands on this old established and most useful charity.

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**S A T U R D A Y .**  
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 Tuesday, 5th—Saturday, 9th.

**P A U S T .**  
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 Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degraive.  
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 Thursday, 7th—Saturday, 9th.

**C A L E N Y .**  
 Mesdames Deschamps, Vaillant-Couturier, Soulaïroix;  
 Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix.  
 Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.

**M A N O N .**  
 Madame Vaillant-Couturier;  
 Messieurs Talazac, Soulaïroix, Degraive.  
 Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.

**H O M E O T U L I E P P E .**  
 Mademoiselle Simonnet;  
 Messieurs Talazac, Soulaïroix, Degraive.  
 Tuesday, 26th—Saturday, 30th.

**L E R O I D Y S .**  
 Mesdames Deschamps, Simonnet;  
 Messieurs Talazac, Soulaïroix, Degraive.  
 There will be a diversification by the CORPS DE BALLET at each representation.

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 An object of art and 5000 francs added to 200 francs entrance. The Second Series of Fifteen Matches begins on Jan. 31, and extends to March 5.

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 March 7 and 8, object of art and 2000 francs added to 100 francs entrance. Further particulars of Mr. Blondin.

**CASTELLAMARE.**—Hôtel Quisisana.  
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Dress is certainly pretty at present. There is a tone of transition about it which leaves considerable scope for individual taste; but the general aspect is always that of long, flowing, graceful lines. For walking wear, the "Directoire" style—the flat-sided and plated-backed polonaise, with square pockets on the hips, and loose-edged bodice, with revers reaching nearly to the shoulder, and vest and petticoat of different material—is being very much worn. The same effect may be produced, if preferred, by draperies arranged on the skirt in a similar way and a separate bodice, with a very short point at the back, the sides cut off so as to only just cover the waistband of the skirt, and the vest ending in a point. This style, as worn in London, still implies a certain amount of "improvement," the back of the waist at the extreme top being decidedly held out, though steels have entirely vanished from the skirt itself. A handsome "Directoire" polonaise worn the other day by a fashionable woman, who is also a well-known authoress, was of watercress-green cloth, with the back arranged in eight box-pleats, which were stuffed tightly with wadding at the waist and for about ten inches down; these rouleaux stood out very elegantly, and there was neither steel nor pad beneath them. The fronts of the coat in question were edged all down with deep black guipure and jet embroidery, placed behind which was a narrow band of skunk fur; the revers were covered with the embroidery, but the fur was only on the skirt of the coat. Vest and petticoat of this green gown were of black moiré, fur and embroidery being placed as trimming along the hem. This dress gives a very good idea of how originality can be exercised to supply distinction to the Directoire style, which, in its plainest form, has grown common.

Most bodices are made with loose edges over a vest and with revers, even if the skirts be draped differently from Directoire style. Full but almost plain backs are invariable; but broad sashes are often worn falling over the back and relieving the straightness. A good example of this style was the following, worn at the Royal Academy private view—there was a plain bodice of red-brown amazon cloth, with revers, and edges which were loose but sat very closely in to the figure, and which were each adorned with three big buttons covered with black moiré. The sleeves were black moiré, puffed out very full from the shoulder to below the elbow, and there gathered in to a close-fitting cuff of red cloth, almost covered with a black silk braid passementerie. The vest was of cloth, similarly entirely covered with passementerie. There was an underskirt of moiré, hidden in front by a long apron of the red cloth, which was a little draped in to the waist, and was trimmed deeply along the bottom with the black open-work of braid, then the moiré alone showed at the sides, and the back was long draperies of the cloth with a broad moiré sash bow and ends falling over. Another handsome gown was of dark-green cloth with slightly-draped front cut out in wide battlements round the bottom to show a deep and rich red head passementerie arranged in a stiff geometrical design on red net. A narrow, flat panel of red velvet came next on one side, on the other the side was of the green cloth undraped, while the red velvet formed a centre breadth to the pleats of the back, and also a pointed collar—pear-shaped narrow pieces of it being let in at the top of the otherwise plain bodice all round, and cuffs being made to match.

Many bodices are made with sleeves either of a different material, or puffed at the top, or epauletted far down the arm with passementerie the same as that employed to trim the

dress elsewhere, or with an entire strip of different material let in from shoulder to wrist. Bodices are also made with one half quite different from the other. In one case a blue woollen, invisibly striped with white, was made as a long coat which was draped up at each side sufficiently to show a band of beaver trimming along the edge of the foundation-skirt, and a similar band of fur was carried straight up the coat to the right shoulder, while down the other half of the bodice came diagonally a row of big mother-of-pearl buttons fastening the coat from the left shoulder to the waist.

The question whether women are eligible for County Councilors has not been prejudiced in London by the adverse decision of the returning officers. The nominations have been accepted by those officials, and if Lady Sandhurst, Miss Cobden, and Miss Varley are returned by the electors (a point which is, of course, doubtful at the time of my writing), the onus of contesting the return will rest upon those who object to the presence of lady councillors. This is the most favourable way in which matters could be arranged for the ladies; it removes all possibility of legal proceedings to the safer side of the election, and it allows the ladies to appear in court (if at all) as defending the free choice of the ratepayers, instead of as demanding new and uncertain "women's rights." It is very interesting to see how immediately the process commences of educating women electors in the ideas and theories of the opposing candidates as soon as women have votes. Mr. Frederick A. Ford, in Central Finsbury, and Mr. Gardiner, in Poplar, have held special meetings for women ratepayers alone, while many other candidates have organised special canvassing committees for the same class of electors. This is, of course, the way in which men have been and are educated on public questions, and this is the way in which ultimately the reproach (now in many cases justified) that women do not understand politics will be removed. To say that women must not have the Parliamentary vote till they have become educated in politics reminds me of the man who would not go into the water till he had learned how to swim, for fear of drowning.

The Earl of Meath has raised the question of the punishment of little girl criminals. His Lordship and his accomplished wife have been long known as kind-hearted and wise philanthropists under their courtesy title of Brabazon, and we may be sure that in any suggestions that he makes there is a generous effort to promote the public good. His suggestion is that there shall be appointed female officials in connection with our police-courts, who shall be employed to either inflict or see inflicted a whipping on girls found guilty of pilfering or similar small offences. At present, Magistrates are in a difficulty. They may order boys guilty of small thefts, or the like, to be whipped; but with regard to girls, they must either let the offender herself go scot-free and fine her parents (however it may appear that they have done their best to correct the incorrigible), or they must send the girl to a reformatory for some years. Lord Meath's proposal that they shall be authorised to try corporal punishment as another alternative is not without reason. It is tolerably certain that the remedy in question will be tried domestically when the parents are fined for the girl's misdoings. But truant schools have proved that impressing a juvenile offender with a sense of the power of the law is more efficacious for reforming bad habits than much severer treatment at home. Sending a child to a reformatory is a mischievous proceeding, except where it is clear that milder measures are useless. It brands for life, almost as much as prison itself; and it encourages indifferent parents to

let their children go in evil company and follow wicked ways without check, because the parents may thus get rid of the burthen of the support of their offspring. Any course intermediate between this and refusing parents any aid from the law in controlling a vicious child certainly ought to have a trial.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The Gazette announces the appointment to the Order of St. Michael and St. George, as Companion, of Hugh Guion M'Donell, her Majesty's Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Denmark.

The distribution of diplomas in connection with the College of Organists took place on Jan. 11 in the Holborn Townhall. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt presided, and complimented the recipients of diplomas on their success.

A concert was given at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee-Tavern, on Jan. 17, in aid of the funds for the purchase of Vauxhall Park as an open space for the people. Madame Antoinette Sterling and numerous other eminent artists were announced to give their services free on the occasion.

With a view to ending the difficulty between the Liverpool City Council and the Arts Committee on the refusal of the former to confirm the purchase of Sir Frederick Leighton's picture, which the Committee had agreed to buy for £4000, Mr. Charles T. Horsfall on Saturday offered to give £500 if three others would do the same, and thus provide £2000, which, with the £2000 the Committee have, will buy the picture.

Although Thom's Official Directory has, ever since its first appearance over half a century since, been published in Dublin, and has always given to Irish facts—official, statistical, and otherwise—the greater part of its space, this well-known and valuable book of reference has fair claims to its title as a Directory of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies. The new edition just issued has been revised and corrected to bring it up to the latest date in all its manifold departments.

The minister in charge of the Eton College Mission—the Rev. W. M. Carter, M.A.—has received a cheque of £1000 from Mr. J. Cole, of Eton College, in memory of his mother, to form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a clergy house. The fund for the erection of a permanent church for the mission now reaches nearly £4000; the Bishop of Chichester, Earl Waldegrave, Earl Manners, and Sir W. E. Welby-Gregory being among the latest donors.

Mr. Baron Huddleston delivered judgment on Jan. 12 in reference to the fifty applications which had been submitted to the Court on behalf of candidates for the County Councils, praying to be relieved of penalties inadvertently incurred by them in infringing certain provisions of the Statute. It was decided to allow the excuses in every case but one, the exception being that of Mr. Auguste De Wette, candidate for the Kingston Division of Middlesex.

A very interesting ceremony took place at Dover Castle on Jan. 12, when the early Roman church situated on the heights was reopened, after having been restored partly by the War Office authorities and partly by the munificence of a private benefactor. The church, which is regarded as the oldest Christian fabric in this country, its foundation having been laid fifteen centuries ago, stands almost contiguous to the Roman pharos, which from a much earlier period stood as a beacon for the navigation of the Channel, and whose massive walls, in defiance of time, still look down on the much altered maritime traffic of the present day.

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## THROAT IRRITATION AND HOARSENESS.

"453, Brixton-road, S.W.,

"Nov. 9, 1887.

"Gentlemen—I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles in a case of Chronic Catarrh of the pharynx and larger respiratory tubes in an old lady with much benefit. I have also ordered them at the Brixton Dispensary.

"I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

"T. PRESTON LEWIS, M.D., M.R.C.S."

"4, Ludgate-circus-buildings, London,

"Dec. 31, 1887

"Dear Sir,—As one who has undergone the operation of tracheotomy, allow me to bear testimony to the value of the Soden Mineral Pastilles, as they have given me wonderful relief. My advice, as one who has suffered with the throat a great deal, to those in any way so affected, is to give them a trial without delay.

"Yours truly, J. HILL."

From THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP RICHARDSON.

"I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles which you have sent me, and find them excellent. Most clergymen would find their pulpit work aided by the use of your lozenges, which clear the voice most remarkably."

Dec. 20, 1887.

## BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

"7, Lillybank-gardens, Hill Head, Glasgow.  
"Dear Sir—I have used the box of Soden Pastilles you sent me some time ago, and am favourably impressed with the result. The case was one of Chronic Bronchitis in an aged patient. There was a marked effect in assisting the solution of the cough expectoration. They seem also to have a generally tonic effect, my patient remarking on the assistance to digestion which they afforded.

"Yours truly (Signed), ALEX. FREW."

"Rose Cottage, Statham, Melton Mowbray.  
"Gentlemen,—Your lozenges I received when I was suffering from Influenza, Bronchitis, and Asthma, and I have great pleasure in testifying of their great efficacy in the alleviation and removal of these troublesome affections. I shall have much pleasure in recommending them to my professional friends, as I have never had anything to relieve me so quickly.

"Yours faithfully,

(Signed) "P. CLARK, Surgeon, &c.,

"M.R.C.S., L.S.A., London."

"Jan. 18, 1888.

"Denby House, Bushey Park, Bristol,

"March 3, 1888.

"Proprietors of the Soden Pastilles.

"Sir,—I have derived benefit from these Pastilles in the case of a severe attack of Bronchitis, and declare that I have never found such benefit from using only three boxes in any other Lozenge that I have tried.

"Your very grateful servant,

(Signed) "H. Y. OSBORNE"

## COUGHS AND DIPHTHERIA.

"Nov. 23, 1887.

Miss CURTIS, daughter of Sir Lucius Curtis, Bart., writes:—"The Soden Mineral Pastilles are first rate for coughs. I have derived immense benefit since taking them, and my cough is nearly well. Please send me another box."

"F. L. CURTIS."

"Edwyn Ralph Rectory, Bromyard, Worcester,

"Dec. 24, 1887.

"Dear Sirs—I have used with the greatest success the Soden Mineral Pastilles. My little boy, aged six and a half years, suffers much from swollen tonsils, which occasionally give rise to a most distressing cough, which is very exhausting. I found that your Pastilles gave him instantaneous relief.—I am, faithfully yours,

(Signed) "E. L. CHILDE-FREEMAN."

"Abercainry, Crief, N.B.,

"Jan. 30, 1888.

"Dear Sir,—I have had four years' suffering from bronchial affection, with troublesome cough; and from what I have already experienced of the box which I had a week ago, I have a great idea that I shall benefit very much from them.—Yours truly,

(Signed) "F. HARDIE."

## CATARRHS OF THE LUNGS AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

"3, Weatherby Gardens, South Kensington,

"March 22, 1888.

LORD KEANE has taken the Soden Mineral Pastilles when suffering from Catarrh of the Stomach. They completely cured him, and he can recommend them as the best Lozenge for Coughs, Bronchitis, and Catarrh of the Stomach."

"16, Iron Market, Newcastle, Staffs,

"Dec. 30, 1887.

"Gentlemen,—My lungs being affected, and being under Dr. Hutton, he asked me to try some of your Pastilles, which I have done, and am pleased to inform you that I have found great relief from the few I have taken.

"Yours respectfully,

(Signed) "JOHN MEENEY."

"18, Hampton-street, Birmingham,

"March 20, 1888.

"Gentlemen,—Having purchased your Soden Pastilles I at once obtained relief from a very serious catarrh. I also gave part of one dissolved in water to my child, three months old, allaying a very troublesome cough, and giving it ease and comfort. I shall most strongly recommend them to all my friends.

"Yours very faithfully,

(Signed) "J. C. WHATELEY, D.D.S."

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES are doubly valuable, inasmuch as they produce simultaneously the most favoured effect upon the organs of digestion. In catarrh of the stomach, hemorrhoids, and habitual constipation they cause the healing and restoration of the diseased organs by reason of their exceedingly mild action.

NOTICE.—We have had repeated complaints that unscrupulous traders have tried to palm on their customers the wrong article. Insist on getting the genuine article, called the SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES. Take no other. See each Box has Dr. W. Stoeltzing's signature and our trade-mark (two globes, cross, and crescent). Price 1s. 1½d., or for 15 stamps, of Soden Mineral Produce Co., 10, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn, London, E.C.

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—ADELINA PATTI.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 2, 1886), with a codicil (dated Oct. 12, 1887), of Mr. William Smith, late of Barnes Hall, Ecclesfield, Sheffield, and of Messrs. Smith, Redfern, Hanger, and Co., The Don Brewery, Sheffield, who died on Oct. 30, was proved at Wakefield on Dec. 15 by Alexander Mackenzie Smith and Francis Patrick Smith, the sons, and Thomas William Jeffcock, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £140,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths his manor house, with the farms, lands, and premises at Messingham, and all his real estate in the county of Lincoln, to his son Alexander Mackenzie; his mansion called Barnes Hall, with the pleasure-gardens and premises, the household furniture, plate, &c., £10,000, and all his shares in the Sheffield Union Banking Company, to his son Francis Patrick; his real estate in the parishes of Aston-cum-Aughton and Treeton, with the mining and mineral rights appertaining thereto, and £4000, to his son Sydney; £14,000 to his son Arnold Kirk; £14,000, upon trust, for his son Kenneth Mackenzie; £14,000 to his daughter Margaret Jean; all his freehold property in the parish of Ecclesfield (except his "Barnes Hall Estate") and £1000 to his son Colin Mackenzie; his share and interest in the brewing firm of Smith, Redfern, Hanger, and Co., to his son Alfred Harrison; £12,000, upon trust, for his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jane Butler Smith, the wife of his deceased son Arthur, for life or widowhood, and then to her three children, Herbert, Maud, and Florence, and £2000 each to them on their attaining the age of twenty-one or marrying. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children Alexander Mackenzie, Francis Patrick, Sydney, Arnold Kirk, Kenneth Mackenzie, Margaret Jean, Alfred Harrison, and Colin Mackenzie.

The will (dated June 15, 1888), with a codicil (dated Oct. 5, 1888), of Mr. Adam Sykes, late of The Knowle, Poulton-le-Fylde, Lancashire, who died on Oct. 9, was proved at Lancaster on Dec. 4 by Arthur Ingram Robinson, John Edward Sheppard, and Adam Sykes, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator gives all his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, £15,000, and £500 to his wife; £4000 to his niece, Mrs. Charlotte Dugdale Sheppard; £8000 between four of the sons of his late brother, Samuel (except his eldest son, Adam); £6000 between the six daughters of his said brother; £1000 each to Miss Charlotte Beaumont, his sisters, Mrs. Betsy Hurst and Miss Ellen Sykes, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Catherine Sykes, and his nephew James Sykes; £100 each to Mrs. Higginbottom and Miss Adeliza Sykes, and other legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate, including his property at Shanghai, he leaves to his nephew Adam Sykes, absolutely.

The will (dated March 9, 1885), with a codicil (dated June 7, 1886), of Mr. Charles Sever, late of No. 8, Park-place, Cheetham, Manchester, who died on Dec. 3, was proved on Dec. 28 at the Manchester District Registry by Henry Marshall and Thomas Joseph Gill, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £53,000. The

testator bequeaths £150 to the Manchester and Salford Boys' and Girls' Refuges and Homes; £100 to the Northern Counties Hospital for Incurables; and £50 each to the Clinical Hospital for Women and Children at Cheetham, to Henshaw's Blind Asylum (Old Trafford, Manchester), the Deaf and Dumb Schools (Old Trafford), the Asylum for the Destitute Poor, the Royal Eye Hospital (Manchester), the General Hospital and Dispensary, and St. Mary's Hospital and Dispensary (Manchester); £300 to his wife; £200 to her daughter, Christina Bell; £100 to Fanny Sever, and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two nephews, William Morrison Sever and Cornelius Sever, in equal shares, and he directs that they shall suitably support their mother and her two younger children.

The will (dated May 1, 1882) of Mr. John Sherwood Wheatley, late of Calverton Hall, Notts, who died on Sept. 12, at Folkestone, was proved at the Nottingham District Registry by Miss Mary Anna Maria Wheatley and Mrs. Emma Sadler, the sisters and executrices, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testator gives all his property to his said two sisters as tenants in common in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1887) of Mrs. Catherine Cole, late of Flintfield, Caterham, Surrey, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Jan. 5 by John Cole and Charles Francis Cole, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4000 each to her sons Charles Francis Cole and John Cole; £4000, upon trust, for her daughter Catherine; £6000, upon trust, for her son, Joshua Cole; £6200, upon trust, for her son, Richard Preston Cole; and she appoints, under the provisions contained in her marriage settlement, a sum of £12,125 16s. 8d., bank annuities, between her children. The residue of her property she leaves to her sons John and Charles Francis.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1888) of Mrs. Louisa Ann Currie, widow, formerly of West Lavingham, Sussex, and late of Hurst, Berks, who died on Nov. 23 last, was proved on Jan. 2, by Sir Edmund Hay Currie and Joseph Soames, the nephews, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1250 to Thomas Francis Orchard; £1250, upon trust, for Edmund Larken Orchard; £5000 to Mrs. Margaret Christina Hay Willan; £5000, upon trust, for Helen Agnes Larken; £1750, upon trust, for Henry Larken; £100 to each executor; such a sum as will produce £40 per annum to the Schools at West Lavingham, to follow the trusts contained in the will of her late husband, and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves as to three fifths thereof to Douglas Hay Currie, and the remaining two fifths to Miss Mary Ann Currie.

The will (dated March 11, 1881) of Mr. Thomas Johnson Hibbert, late of Broughton Grove, Cartmel, Lancashire, who died on June 9, was proved on Jan. 2 by Mrs. Harriett Margaret Hibbert, the widow, and the Hon. John Tomlinson Hibbert and Henry Hibbert, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £22,000. The testator devises and bequeaths his farms, lands, and premises called "Sturdy's," all his household goods and

furniture, with the farm stock and implements of husbandry, to his wife, and, subject thereto, leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life; on her death an annuity of £300 is to be paid to her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Burton, and the ultimate residue is to be divided between his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 24, 1859) of Colonel the Hon. George Augustus Frederick Liddell, formerly one of the Grooms-in-Waiting to the Queen, and Deputy Ranger of Windsor and Richmond Parks, and late of South Lawn, Eaton, who died on Dec. 14, was proved on Jan. 5 by Captain Augustus Frederick Liddell, the son, the value of the personalty exceeding £3600. The testator's wife, to whom by his will he left all his property, having died in his lifetime, his personal estate becomes divisible among his children, according to the Statute of Distribution.

Facts and dates continue to be the staple of the "Era Almanack." Besides these there is a host of stories, sketches by writers connected with the stage, and a special feature in the shape of another "Actors' Catechism."

The annual ball of the Worcestershire Hunt Club took place at the Shirehall on Jan. 10. The company numbered 400, and the ball was one of the most successful ever held in connection with the club. As in former years, Messrs. Scott and Oram, of Victoria House, were entrusted with the embellishment and arrangement of the great hall.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland entertained the members of the County Down Club to luncheon on Jan. 12, at Mount Stewart House, near Newtownards, where he is at present sojourning. The attendance of huntsmen was enormous, and the weather was beautifully fine. After luncheon his Excellency hunted with the staghounds, accompanied by the youthful Lord Castlereagh, and a capital run was obtained.

The annual Council of the Judges of the Supreme Court was held on Jan. 14 in the Lord Chancellor's room at the Royal Courts of Justice. The Lord Chancellor presided, and all the Judges—with the exception of Sir James Hannen and Justices Butt, Day, and A. L. Smith—were present. This meeting of the Judges is held in accordance with the provisions of the Judicature Act, 1873, one of the objects of the meeting being for the Judges to report what amendments (if any) it would, in their judgment, be expedient to make relating to the administration of justice. The meeting lasted nearly two hours.

The London School Board intend to take steps for the erection of fifteen new Board schools, which will involve the purchase of six acres of land, in addition to a large number of existing buildings. The districts in which the schools are to be erected include two in Chelsea, one in Finsbury, two in Hackney, one in Marylebone, one in the Tower Hamlets, one in Westminster, two in West Lambeth, two in Southwark, three in Greenwich, and two in Lewisham. As the cost of the schools hitherto erected has averaged from £8000 to £10,000 each, the outlay on the additional schools will be something like £150,000.

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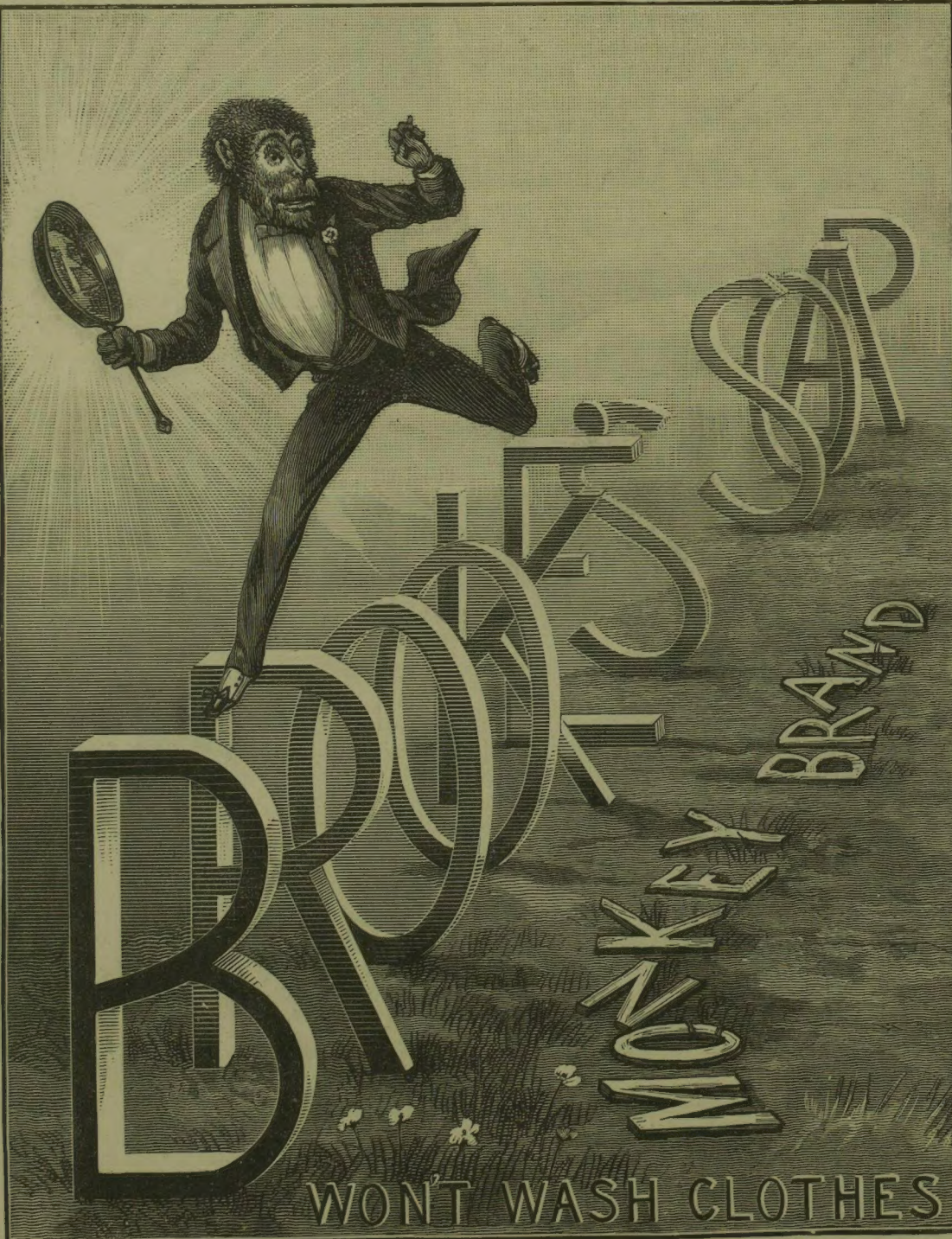
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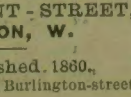
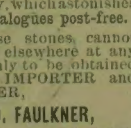
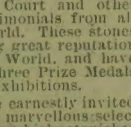
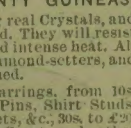
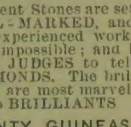
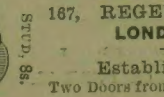
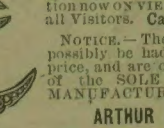
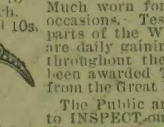
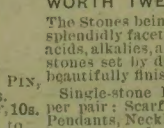
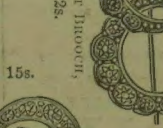
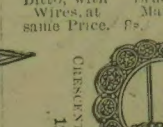
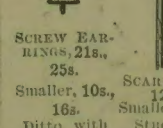
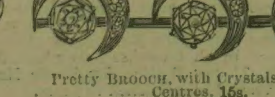
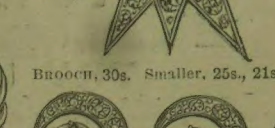
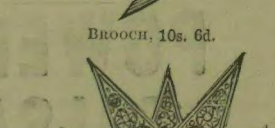
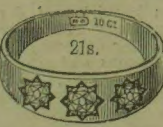
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